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JUNE 12, 1972

The Man with 300,000 Beds

TIME

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Environment Report: The Energy Crisis



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Polaroid's Focused Flash 400s.



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Norelco comfort, closeness—and now adjustability. They're all combined in the new VIP, for a better way to shave. Try it.

Available in cord or rechargeable models.



The *Norelco* VIP
The closest shave.

Henry Lane (m)

Contributing Editor James Grant, who wrote the story, chose a less exhausting approach to the Wilson phenomenon. On an inspection trip, he decided to sample the service at a pair of Holiday Inns outside New York City. In Kingston, N.Y., he found the staff conscientious; the motel manager phoned every name in the registry late one night until he finally matched Grant to the car in the parking lot with its lights left on.

The Cover: *Painting in acrylics by Dugald Stermer.*



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



For nearly a century, its light taste has been ahead of its time.

With all the carrying on lately about light taste in whiskies, you'd think the idea had been born yesterday. No, sir.

It was almost 100 years ago. The place was Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. And the creator was Hiram Walker.

In those days, whisky-making was a sideline for farmers. Using whatever grain was left after the auctions were done and the livestock provided for.

But Mr. Walker was a knowledgeable grain merchant. He believed that a particular formulation of carefully chosen grains—when distilled, aged and blended just so—would create whisky of unique character. Far above and apart from any other.

Indeed it did! Hiram Walker had created an extraordinary whisky. Incredibly light in body. Sublimely smooth. A remarkable marriage of delicate body and mellow flavor. Canadian Club was born.

Today, a near century later, Mr. Walker's original formula remains the same. Canadian Club is still made the same way. With the same ingredients. In the same place. Its taste is not found, nor has it ever been matched, in any other whisky. Anywhere.

The next time you visit your favorite tavern or liquor store, ask for Canadian Club. It is the original.

Canadian Club

What is U.S. Steel doing to



find new ways to build?



We built this breathtaking hotel in Florida's Walt Disney World...where it's a major attraction all by itself. It's one of two hotels built by our Realty Development Division.

But it's a lot more than a hotel. It's a whole new way to build.

You'd never guess, but all the rooms were assembled as

units on the site by our American Bridge Division.

Complete with wiring, built-in air conditioning, a full bath, balcony, the finished units were ready to live in, except for the furniture.

Some were placed into the framework of this fourteen-story hotel, like drawers in a chest. Others were stacked 3-high, like blocks...

to form low-rise garden units.

We're confident that apartments, dormitories, motels, and other types of buildings will soon be built this fast new way. USS is a registered trademark.



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Beefeater, The Gin of England.



WHY SAFETY SELLS IN SWEDEN.

Of all motorized countries, Sweden has the best safety record.

Before a Swede can get a driver's license, he not only has to pass a complicated driving test, but also a comprehensive medical examination.

Cars are subject to spot inspections at any time. Cars found unsafe are taken off the road.

Swedish road signs go to extremes. A thorough system of descriptive signs stretches from the middle of big cities to the middle of nowhere. The sign in the picture, for example, warns that the road dead-ends at a ferry dock.

Obviously, Swedes are deeply committed to traffic safety. And they carry their commitment with them when they buy a car.

This is one of the reasons Volvo comes equipped with four-wheel power disc brakes.

Volvo is the only car in the world with a dual braking system that has three wheels on each circuit. If one circuit fails, you still have 80% of your braking power.

Volvo was the first mass produced car to come equipped with three-point seat belts.

Volvo, you see, didn't get to be the largest selling car in Sweden by accident.

Volvo.

We build them the way we build them because we have to.



VOLVO

SEE THE DEALER NEAREST YOU AND TEST DRIVE A VOLVO WITH ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE. © 1978 VOLVO, INC.

All long-filler cigars aren't long. Bering makes short and medium long-filler cigars, too. More than 20 sizes in all, from 3 3/4 inches to 8 1/2 inches.

But Bering makes all these cigars, 15¢ and up, the same way: With natural leaves of fine imported long-filler tobacco, laid the full length. Not with shredded bits of tobacco, pressed into place.

Then Bering binds and wraps the long-filler in natural tobacco leaves. No machine-made sheets

of reconstituted tobacco with paper headstrips.

The long and short of it is: Bering still makes cigars the way they used to be made. For a slower burning, cooler smoke.

Available in Natural, "Green" Candela or dark Maduro wrappers. Light one up—for size.

We still make them the way we used to.



CORRAL, WODISHA Y CA., TAMPA, FLORIDA



Some of the lengths
we go to, to make Bering
long-filler cigars.

Governor Wallace and Hatred

Sir / Why is it that a man of conviction has to suffer from the hand of blind hatred?

Governor George Wallace [May 29] may or may not hold a majority opinion on various topics. Like every other American, however, he has the right to the benefits of one of the fundamental principles on which this nation was founded: freedom of speech. That freedom must not be suppressed by violent ignorance.

DONALD W. SAMP
Chicago

Sir / As the gunshots of May 15 ring out a few more notes in the swan song of democracy. I should think that both of the major parties' candidates would, if only for their own protection, summon the courage to stand up to the adherents of gun ownership and make meaningful federal gun control an issue in their respective campaigns.

JERRY MCCORMACK
Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.N.R.
FPO Seattle

Sir / Wouldn't it be just as well if candidates used radio and television to express their ideas rather than direct contact with the public for a few years until this rash of unrest passes.

One reason, it seems to me, is that attempted assassinations tend to cast a halo over victims and their families, when in reality they are only mere mortals.

MRS. M.E. CRAWFORD
Los Angeles

Sir / A few months ago, the Maryland legislature passed "emergency" legislation prohibiting the carrying of handguns without permits and giving search-on-suspicion power to the police. This was to be the cure for violent crime, and now that its uselessness has been demonstrated, the "pass a law and solve every problem" people will howl for more gun control.

I expect that handguns will eventually be outlawed, thus another multimillion dollar bureaucracy will be born, gunrunning will become lucrative for organized crime, we will again have been told that we are too stupid to handle our personal affairs, and, of course, crime will continue.

JIM SHAMP
St. Louis

Victims of Abortion Laws

Sir / On behalf of the millions of women who breathed a sigh of relief when Governor Nelson Rockefeller stood firm for liberalized abortion rules [May 22], I express my heartfelt gratitude.

I hope that I will never need to make use of this operation, but no contraceptive yet devised is foolproof, and I shudder to think how I would be victimized by those who would callously impose upon me their brand of morality if I became pregnant despite all precautions.

Many women today are aware that our rights as human beings need not forever be trampled on simply because we are nature's means for continuing the human race.

MARLENE LOVELL
Riverside, R.I.

Sir / Since when is the killing of innocent babies immoral only in the eyes of Roman Catholics? When vetoing the New York abortion law repeal, Governor Rockefeller remarked: "I do not believe it right for one group to impose its vision of morality on



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LETTERS

an entire society." His gratuitous statement is a slur not only on Roman Catholics but also on all people of compassion—Protestants, Jews, and those of no particular faith—who saw the present New York State abortion law for what it really is: legalized murder.

(THE REV.) LESTER P.
MESSERSCHMIDT
St. Luke Lutheran Church
Dix Hills, N.Y.

Sir / Governor Nelson Rockefeller's statement upon vetoing New York State's most recent abortion bill is interesting, especially if one notes the ultimate logic of his argument about morality.

May we expect New York State now to set aside all laws that deal with moral issues, such as gambling, narcotics, prostitution, euthanasia, provision for welfare, etc.?

(MRS.) ALMA J. LAGACE
Avon, Conn.

Sir / Governor Rockefeller proposes to continue murderers by offering them safe abortions. It seems only right to let these women take their risks from a hack doctor.

The mother had her choices about her sexuality. The fetus' only crime is its begrudged existence.

(MRS.) CAROL HAILE
Reading, Pa.

Sir / Bravo for Governor Rockefeller! I am tired of seeing people pretend that "Christianity" gives them the right to impose their personal moral values on others.

(THE REV.) DAVID L. GOBBLE
First Christian Church
Harrisonburg, Va.

Sir / The picture of the anti-abortion assemblyman demonstrating his point to the New York state legislature by displaying a fetus in a jar was striking indeed. How right

teously the anti-abortionists would respond if someone presented on the house floor the preserved body of a young girl who had succumbed to sepsis from an abortion she could not obtain under sterile and controlled conditions.

MANFRED ROTHSTEIN
Duke Medical Center
Durham, N.C.

Winning in Viet Nam

Sir / After three Presidents have been playing at Commander in Chief, it is about time that one of them had the guts to use American power, abandon the protected sanctuary areas and bring the war to North Viet Nam, which is where it all started. We can win this war, and it is about time we did.

SS FISHMAN
San Francisco

Sir / Nixon seems to be waging the war as if it were an American war, so a South Viet Nam defeat is viewed as an "American defeat" which would encourage aggression all over the world. This same attitude can be used to justify full-scale war or whatever involvement Nixon resolves is necessary to achieve an American victory. The South Vietnamese must feel as if they are fighting for America rather than for their homeland.

ALVAN KNOT
Flint, Mich.

Sir / We all feel sorry for the men who have lost their lives in Viet Nam. We should, however, feel more sorrow for the men who will die today and tomorrow. These vain deaths are the most potent reason to stop the war.

EDWARD M. GILLIGAN
FPO San Francisco

Learning What Not to Do

Sir / Your piece on Northeastern University's work-study program [May 22] overlooked one very important educational advantage: the student learns "in the field" what he does not want to do for the rest of his life.

This single pedagogical breakthrough may ease some of the traumatic middle-age career switches we have been witnessing in the postwar U.S. Kudos to Northeastern for holding the fort for all these years on behalf of the offspring of America's "children of the soil."

EDMUND A. BOJARSKI
Professor
Department of English
McMurry College
Abilene, Texas

No Ordinary Skyjacking

Sir / I am thrilled by the daring, skill and imagination of the Israelis in outwitting the Arab skyjackers [May 22]. Too bad if the International Air Line Pilots Association and the Red Cross do not approve. They do not seem to understand that this was no "ordinary" skyjacking. The Arabs insist that they are at war with Israel. This was an act of war. The Israelis' only alternative was to let loose 317 dangerous terrorists and entrust 90 passengers to the tender mercy of their enemies. I hate to think of it.

HENRI TEMIANKA
Long Beach, Calif.

Why Is Man So Different?

Sir / I find it an unimportant miracle that your behavior system, which has published

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Ford Mustang: Control, balance, style.

And new Sprint colors!

There's a new Mustang option package at your Ford dealer's that just may be the ultimate in personal sporty style.

The Sprint color scheme is classic white with bold blue panels, red pin-striping, color-matched interior. You also get dual racing mirrors, white sidewall tires, and red, white and blue bodyside insignia.

Combine that with Mustang's independent front suspension, floor-mounted stick shift, bucket seats, and panoramic instrument panel—and you're in for a beautiful driving experience. Inside and out.

Mag wheels, raised white letter tires and competition suspension are also available. Put a little Sprint in your life!

1972 Ford Mustang SportsRoof shown with Sprint Decor Option.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



1972 Ford Mustang Hardtop shown with Sprint Decor Option.

How to buy an air conditioner if you don't know a BTU from an Amp.



Emerson tells you how to make the right choice.

For any room you want to cool, there's still one air conditioner with the right capacity to do the job. And we're going to tell you how to find it. As well as point out some of the extra features you'll probably want.

Easy Installation.



First, you'll want an air conditioner you can put in without breaking your back. With the help of a friend, you should have no trouble lifting your Emerson Quiet Kool into the window opening. Then all you have to do is pull out the Easi-Slide panels on each side of the unit, and pull down the window until it meets the top.

Custom cooling.

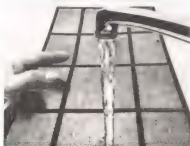
The capacity of an air conditioner is the amount of cooling power it can generate—a power that's measured in BTU (British Thermal Units) per hour. But while the larger numbers indicate larger capacities, don't be fooled into thinking that the bigger the better always makes sense. Because too much cooling can mean unnecessary operating costs and an uncomfortable room. To get what you need, ask your Emerson Quiet Kool dealer for help. Tell him about your room dimensions, draperies, window exposures, appliances and lights. He'll use his comfort guide to

tell you which Emerson Quiet Kool model has the correct capacity for your purpose.

Saving on electricity.

All air conditioners run on electricity. Amps are the quantity of electricity that flows into the air conditioner, and watts are the measure of power that enable the air conditioner to operate. But there are units designed to run on less electricity than others. These units are identified as high efficiency units and the way to check an air conditioner's efficiency is to divide the BTU rating by the number of watts it takes to run it. The result is known as the performance factor. The higher the resulting number, the higher the performance factor. The high efficiency models cost less to operate. Like the 10 Emerson Quiet Kool "Watt Watchers" with a performance factor higher than 8.5 BTU per watt.

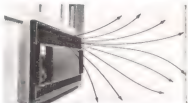
Filter facts.



Every air conditioner has a filter to screen out lots of dust and dirt. Unfortunately, a lot of people never give their filters the proper care. Because many filters are just too tricky to get to. But a filter should be washed at least once a week to keep the unit operating at normal cooling efficiency. In most Emerson Quiet Kool models, you

can easily slide the filter out without taking anything apart.

Up, down, all around.



A good air conditioner should distribute cool air. Not just blow it. That's why some Emerson Quiet Kool models are equipped with an ingenious device called Air Wave that operates simultaneously with the air conditioner fan to vary the direction of the air flow. So you don't end up with hot spots and cold spots in various parts of the room.

If you'd like even more facts about air conditioners, you'll be interested to know that we've published an informative booklet with the same title as this little essay. You can pick up a copy free at your Emerson dealer. Or send us the coupon with 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Emerson Quiet Kool
66 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Please send me a copy of: How to Buy an Air Conditioner if You Don't Know a BTU from an Amp.
Enclosed is 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

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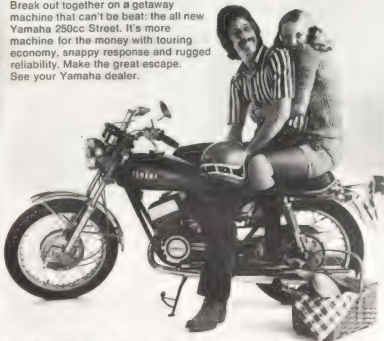
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LETTERS

so many illuminating comments on advances in contemporary science, can present quite such an exercise in 19th century biology as your consideration of Alland's *The Human Imperative* [May 22]. "It is a cliché of popular ethology," you write, "that man is no more than an animal among animals, a naked ape dominated by his own savage biology and driven by killer instincts." It is ethology that has informed us that the ape is not savage. It is ethology, in recent years, that has observed the innumerable means whereby animals, in a state of nature, limit their aggressions to outcomes less than lethal. The popular cliché that you present is TIME's, not ethology's. A principal preoccupation of such authors as you must unfavorably cite—Konrad Lorenz, Desmond Morris, myself—has been quite simply, "Why is man so different?"

We all have our different answers. Alland presents the cultural hypothesis—fashionable in American anthropology since the days of Franz Boas in the early '30s—that our cultural milieu determines our deadly determinations. Morris looks to the impositions of the civilization in which we live, frustrated, as in a human zoo. Lorenz has been concerned with the decline of those instincts that at one time inhibited our aggressions. My own preoccupation has been with our long hunting past, which placed selective advantage on those who took pleasure in the violent way. No hypothesis is proved. Yet none can be dismissed, with TIME's polemics, in a period in which violent behavior so dominates our lives. You do our present and our future an injustice with such careless, improvident, self-righteous bias.

ROBERT ARDREY
Rome

Non-People Day

Sir / Re Non-Father's and Non-Mother's Day [May 22] as advocated by the National Organization for Non-Parents Who gives them gifts on these days? A non-child? I'm waiting to celebrate Non-People's Day, but who will we have to recommend it?

RAYMOND J. STRYCHARZ
West Springfield, Mass.

A Patting Father

Sir / The child you have Senator McGovern pictured as "patting in Omaha" [May 22] is his grandson and my two-year-old son Timothy McGovern Mead, whom my father "pats" privately and publicly.

ANN MCGOVERN MEAD
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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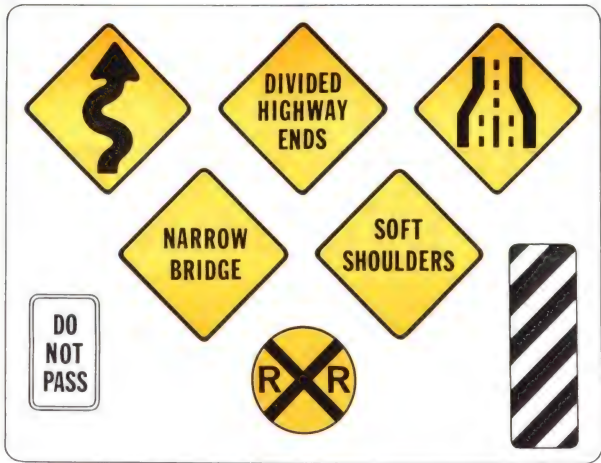
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Do-Nothing Congress

A sure danger sign in a democracy is the inability of its legislature to legislate. This has been a problem in the U.S. for years, with the nation wearily viewing the discouraging spectacle of two Houses of 500 willful politicians harrering to arrive at laws that are supposed to be best for the country. It seems to take a national emergency to goad Congress into sustained action: the last legislatures to produce anything like a spate of successful laws were the first New Deal Congress (1933) and the post-J.F.K. (1964-65) Congress.

Thus far the functioning of the 92nd Congress seems even more lugubrious than most. The second session, now five months old, has managed to pass only two important pieces of domestic legislation: the Federal Election Campaign Act and the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972. The highly controversial revenue-sharing bill is caught in a legislative logjam on the House floor. In the Senate, debate on antiwar legislation seems destined to drag on long after the last American soldier leaves Viet Nam.

While Congress fiddles, badly needed measures are blocked: welfare reform, national health insurance, omnibus housing and community-development programs, no-fault insurance, railroad strike procedures and gun con-

trol. The national conventions loom, and so does the political fact that all House members and one-third of the Senators must stand for re-election in November. It is thus questionable that any of these bills will be resolved, a situation sure to renew calls for further Congressional reform.

Scattered Anniversary

Four years and several weeks from now the U.S. will be 200 years old. To honor the occasion, President Nixon had counted on an exposition worthy of the moment to crown his hoped-for second term in office. The logical site: Philadelphia, cradle of liberty and host to the nation's centennial and sesquicentennial celebrations.

But it is not to be. In a decision backed by the President, the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission has rejected the proposal by Philadelphia to hold the big birthday party there. The fundamental reason, says a commission spokesman, was that the city's price tag got too high.

Angry Philadelphians had other explanations. John Bunting, the chairman of the Philadelphia 1976 Bicentennial Corporation, charged that "nervous Nellies and ashamed Americans have frightened some of our most powerful Government leaders into believing that we should not invite the world to visit us in 1976." If that is true, the City of Brotherly Love is partly to blame. Black leaders demanded an equal voice in the planning, and lower-middle-class whites staged unpleasant demonstrations, protesting against the possible influx of black laborers and "foreigners."

The result (not necessarily bad) is that the U.S. will celebrate its 200th birthday in a myriad of small celebrations in towns, cities and national parks across the land.

Speech Defect

For the past ten years at West Junior High School in Waterloo, Iowa, Alice Margaret Hayes, 67, has been reading the story *Little Brown Koko* and the speech and drama class. When black students began busing to the school three years ago, Mrs. Hayes was always careful to ask if any objected, recognizing the stereotype that the title implies.

This year members of Waterloo's black community were riled by the story, and expressed their feelings two weeks ago by marching 30-odd strong into the startled teacher's classroom and



Waiting for Mr. Nixon's next summit.

announcing they would not leave until she was fired. Mrs. Hayes was given the day off, and later agreed with school officials that she should be temporarily relieved of her duties. The black protesters accepted this and left school.

The trouble did not stop there. A group of about 200 white students lodged their own protest in behalf of Mrs. Hayes, and blacks retaliated by holding the school superintendent captive for five hours in his office. Police arrested 32 of the intruders, who went peacefully. Teacher Hayes was reinstated before school closed, but wisely chose to sit out the last few days.

A Very Few Words

Commencement speeches are often exercises in bombast that run second only to the Senate filibuster. The class of '72 at the University of Alabama received a rare treat this year: a 250-word commencement address, aptly titled "A Few Words," delivered by Dr. Larry T. McGehee, 36, chancellor of the University of Tennessee at Martin.

McGehee's terse speech consisted of six one-word rubrics—rage, reason, reading, laughter, lingering and love—with an average of 35 words each.

► On rage: "Age and education give you the authority, citizenship the responsibility, to rage against the mediocrity and injustice in your society, more especially in yourself. Heed Dylan Thomas: 'Do not go gentle into that good night . . . Rage, rage against the dying of the light.'"

► On reading: "Develop a thirst for printer's ink and quench it by reading, for from books flows the fountain of youth found by few."

► On laughter: "He who cannot laugh at himself appears ridiculous."

► On love: "Love is the most unnatural human emotion; although we have learned to transplant the human heart, we have not learned to transform it. Commit an unnatural act: love one another."



CENTENNIAL CATALOGUE COVER



"—I was a ninety-pound weakling until..."



"Did he say when he's coming to this summit?"

THE PRESIDENCY

And Now, Why Not a Domestic Summit?

WITH no word of what he is up to, the President disappears into the woods of Camp David for a week. No television cameras pursue him into the wilderness; the press is barred. There are, for once, no leaks. Henry Kissinger gives no briefings. If you can believe it, he does not even know what is going on; it is, essentially, none of his business.

Just when anticipation is keenest (Has the President fallen gravely ill? Has Brezhnev delivered a nuclear ultimatum? Has Agnew staged a *coup d'état*?), Nixon emerges with a fistful of notes and a gleam in his eye. To an astonished public, he announces a bold, new, precedent-shattering program that will give the nation the "lift of a driving dream": he has talked about, even though much of it amounts to an ideological reversal of his past positions. Drawing on the best advice of a wide range of Americans—including, for openers, Jesse Jackson and Ralph Nader, Cesar Chavez and George Wallace, Saul Alinsky and Pat Moynihan—he holds a domestic summit worthy of his foreign ones.

A fantastic scenario, of course. The troubles facing Nixon in the U.S. are more agonizing and challenging than those overseas. They cannot be solved merely by negotiating with various leaders of American power groups. Yet the haunting hope arises that somehow, in some way, the President might attack the problems at home with the imagination and courage of his historic voyages to Peking and Moscow. In short, that there could be an American summit—literally or figuratively.

Well, why not? For one thing it does not seem to be Nixon's nature to offer bold leadership at home. He is too cau-

tious, too prudent, too indebted to the interests that are satisfied with things as they are. Nixon's closest domestic advisers are forever searching for political openings that they can exploit; to some of them, the care and feeding of the nation are almost incidental. There is no White House counselor on U.S. matters with the intelligence and skill of Kissinger, a phenomenon seldom seen in U.S. Government. The President needs half a dozen domestic Kissingers.

Bad Meals. Besides, as Nixon said before he came to office, he believes that the country is best able to run itself without excessive executive interference. He would rather try to run the world—an easier proposition. In foreign policy, he can deal, as a lawyer, with facts and concepts and a few powerful leaders. The masses of people are once removed, over the horizon, a mere statistic. He can go up to his Lincoln Sitting Room, map out a policy and announce it as fact by executive order; only formal treaties must be ratified by Congress.

In domestic affairs, there is no isolation from pressures and conflict. Each move must be calibrated for re-election potential. Congress must be consulted. Nixon does not enjoy drinking with Wilbur Mills. He does not enjoy shaking hands with hordes and eating bad meals at Grand Rapids Republican rallies. He does it, but only just. He has not gone to the marketplace in Birmingham the way he has in Moscow. He has not seriously surveyed the suburbs of St. Louis, the Harlem ghetto, the abandoned farms of southern Iowa. He has never fully used the President's "bully pulpit" for moral leadership, and he has rarely moved the American people in the way that, from all reports, he moved

many Russians when he delivered his farewell speech in Moscow. Is he ill at ease with U.S. audiences? Or does his somewhat artificial rhetoric sound better in Russian?

At home, in addition to all the intractable ailments of a postindustrial society—inflation, recession, pollution, alienation—he is confronted with peculiarly American conditions. These include the incredible ethnic diversity, with each group clamoring more loudly than ever for its rightful share in America; the racial conflict that now burdens every social transaction; the brutal decay of the great cities that divides the nation into the poor and black on the one hand and the affluent and white on the other. No people expect more than Americans. The President must somehow maintain the nation's freedoms and right to dissent without at the same time allowing the country to fall into anarchy.

It is too much for one man. It requires immense ingenuity, fresh approaches and a break with past patterns that are probably unreasonable to expect from Richard Nixon, or for that matter, any President.

And yet.

Who, friend or foe, would have suspected that in his first term the one-time anti-Communist zealot would travel on a mission of peace and good will to both Peking and Moscow? Or that he could do it with a minimal domestic opposition from the guardians of the old cold war varieties? So, against all odds, the hope persists that he could still make a fresh, dramatic start at home, transcending his limited political constituency, indeed transcending himself, and thus eventually laying claim to being a great President.

"A Moment to Be Seized"

AFTER dropping directly onto Capitol Hill by helicopter following a 13-day journey that covered 16,000 miles, President Nixon strode purposefully through Washington's fading twilight and toward the beckoning cameras of prime television time to report to Congress and the people. He had returned from the camp of the enemy bearing spoils of peace rather than war, but he did not speak in terms of triumph. Confident and businesslike, he displayed a rare restraint, claiming only that his trip to Moscow was "the beginning of a process that can lead to a lasting peace." Appropriate to the achievement, it was the most effective speech of his presidency.

The homecoming was a warm one for the President, especially the booming cheers from the Republican side of the House chamber. Yet partly because the report was so hastily scheduled at Nixon's request, partly because some Democrats felt they have been used as a foil for Nixon as he scores political points on television, an appalling three-fifths of the Congressmen were absent. Only 22 Democratic Senators and 66 Democratic Representatives attended. Rows of empty seats were filled by Gov-

ernment employees, hastily rounded up to minimize the embarrassment.

Nixon's speech was carefully calculated to dampen any irrational euphoria over the new Washington-Moscow *détente*. "The threat of war has not been eliminated," Nixon cautioned. "It has been reduced." Appealing to Congress to endorse the agreements signed in Moscow, he added: "Never has there been a time when hope was more justified or when complacency was more dangerous. We can seize this moment or we can lose it." Nixon was, rightly, most intent upon saving the treaty limiting anti-ballistic systems and the agreement freezing the deployment of offensive nuclear weapons.

Nixon sought to calm critics, mostly conservatives, who fear that the two pacts will permit the Russians to gain a decisive nuclear advantage. Democratic Senator Henry Jackson and Conservative-Republican Senator James Buckley

both contend that the Russians could use the freeze, which does not limit technological improvement of existing systems, to overcome the huge present U.S. lead (5,700 to 2,500) in deliverable warheads. "I have studied the strategic balance in great detail for more than three years," Nixon said. "I can assure you that the present and planned strategic forces of the United States are without question sufficient for the maintenance of our security." But he then implied that the U.S. might be interested in more than "sufficiency" and was determined at least to maintain nuclear parity. "No power on earth is stronger than the United States of America today," he declared. "And none will be stronger than the United States in the future." Taking aim at his critics on the left, Nixon drew loud applause by praising the Congress for its refusal to "unilaterally abandon the ABM, unilaterally pulling back our forces from Europe and drastically cutting the defense budget."

Nixon was less forceful on the other main controversy over the summit results: the failure to make any public progress toward a settlement of the Viet Nam War. He said the war was "one of the most extensively discussed subjects" at Moscow, and he seemed to suggest that some undisclosed gain might have been made, by cryptically saying: "It would only jeopardize the search for peace if I were to review here all that was said on that subject."

The specter of Viet Nam loomed, by omission, in an otherwise highly effective television speech Nixon had

to Nixon's address. "He hit the right tone and the right note," said a Soviet journalist. "He doesn't sound like an imperialist at all," said a pretty young girl. Yet many Russians noticed his failure to mention Viet Nam even once. "There are kids like Tanya in Viet Nam," complained a Moscow hotel porter. It was the first time a U.S. President had ever addressed the Russian people.

After the summit elevation of Moscow, Nixon's visits to Iran and Poland were inevitably anticlimactic. The Nixon party was received by some 500,000 cheering, flag-waving spectators in Teheran, and a smaller but animated crowd in Warsaw. For the first time on his trip, Nixon got out of his car in Warsaw to shake hands with onlookers. The Polish people responded by surging around him and singing "*Sto Lat, Sto Lat*," from the song *May You Live to Be a Hundred*. In Iran, Nixon conferred with Shah Reza Pahlavi, attended an elaborate white-tie dinner in the Nivaran Palace—and was far from three exploding bombs set by terrorists.

Even before Nixon arrived home, the world of course reacted to the Moscow summit. Milan's respected columnist Enzo Bettiza said that the summit marked the start "of a new era of clarification, of ideological realism, of diplomatic maturity in international rela-



SPEAKING ON SOVIET TV



WITH SHAH AND SON IN TEHERAN



ENGULFED BY CROWD IN WARSAW



WALLER BEAVER

made earlier from the Great Kremlin Palace to the Russian people. "We, like you, are an open, natural and friendly people," he said. Americans "cherish personal liberty" and "would fight to defend it if necessary as we have done before." Yet, "however much we like our own system for ourselves, we have no desire to impose it on anyone else." Appealing for "a world free of fear," Nixon drew tears from some listeners by recalling the words of Tanya, a Russian girl whose entire family died during the siege of Leningrad in World War II and who wrote in her diary: "All are dead. Only Tanya is left."

Russians generally reacted warmly

tions." Never again, he predicted, would a local event, such as "the assassination of an archduke in the Balkans, unleash a world conflict." Yet while the two powers refrain from attacking each other, Bonn's pro-government paper *Neue Rhein Zeitung* contended, they "tacitly reserve the right to continue heating, tormenting and destroying the other partner's little brother."

The *Times of India* argued that the Soviet leadership had given up more at the summit, since it had not insisted that the U.S. lift "its wholly illegal blockade of North Vietnamese harbors." While Israelis were pleased that Nixon had raised with Soviet Communist Boss Leonid Brezhnev the issue of Soviet treatment of Jews, the Egyptian press was happy because Moscow and Washington had suggested that peace in the Middle East be based on a U.N. Security Council resolution calling for Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories. Elsewhere, the summit was mostly welcomed, but with little elation and with disappointment that there had been no agreement on Viet Nam.

For Americans, after all the coverage and the Nixon report, questions about the summit still lingered:

► *Was there an understanding reached on Viet Nam?* TIME Correspondent Jerrold Schechter, who covered

the Nixon odyssey, believes that the Russians tacitly agreed to limit future shipment of offensive weapons to Hanoi on condition that the U.S. would continue to withdraw its troops from Viet Nam and give the negotiating route in Paris another try. Brezhnev probably in effect conceded that the Kremlin could not tightly control Hanoi's war moves. The Russians learned this when the supplies they gave Hanoi were not used for an offensive in February, when Nixon was in Peking, as the Kremlin had wished. The attack came in May, thus threatening the Moscow summit. By not running the mine fields or North Viet Nam's coastline, the Russians have left the North Vietnamese on their own, at least until the present offensive runs its uncertain course. Yet a general hope persisted that the new Washington-Moscow friendliness might yet lead Hanoi to ease its conditions for a political solution to the war.

► *How did Nixon impress the Russian leaders?* They came to respect his professionalism, says Schechter. They found him totally prepared for tough negotiations, and they admired his oratorical restraint. But they retained a certain distrust, based on Nixon's unemotional and dry behavior. In nearly 42 hours of talks, however, they came to understand thoroughly the primary U.S. policy concerns in world affairs.

► *How did Nixon find Brezhnev?* The top Soviet leader emerged as forceful, elemental and quite human, something like a tough union boss who can be charming personally, but negotiate cunningly behind a blunt bargaining exterior. He was self-assured, candid and, like Nixon, more concerned with

sisted on retaining 80% of the gas despite huge U.S. financing.

► *What happens next?* The next major move will be a resumption of the SALT talks, which will concentrate on the possibility of wrapping into one full-scale treaty all new offensive nuclear systems, perhaps including bombers. The stickiest point may be whether various improvements in existing weapons, especially the expanded deployment of multiple warheads within missiles, should and can be controlled.

While not directly dependent upon the summit, the new spirit in East-West relations was evident last week in two developments in West Germany. The first was aimed at eliminating the tensions that for more than 25 years have made the isolated city of West Berlin the focal point of the cold war. Secretary of State William Rogers joined the Soviet Union's Andrei Gromyko, Britain's Sir Alec Douglas-Home and France's Maurice Schumann in signing an agreement that should guarantee free access to West Berlin and more movement among residents of the two sectors of divided Berlin. After the signing, Rogers made the first visit into East Berlin by a U.S. official in a car bearing an American flag. He was saluted by East German border guards as he crossed Checkpoint Charlie. Second,



THE NIXONS LEAVING POLAND



HELICOPTER HOMECOMING

results than with philosophical points.

► *Why was there no deal on trade?* There was disagreement over the Soviet obligation to repay its World War II Lend-Lease debts to the U.S., over the interest rates on U.S.S.R. credit to buy grain from the U.S., and on how much of all goods would be carried in American ships. Creation of a commission to pursue trade agreements was a step forward, with results probable later this year. The Russians had also hoped to get U.S. funds for developing Siberian gas fields, in exchange for granting the U.S. rights to import some of the natural gas; but the Russians in-



BERLIN PACT SIGNING

the Foreign Ministers of NATO, briefed on the summit by Rogers, selected Helsinki as the site to begin exploratory talks in the fall that will precede a 33-nation conference on European security, probably in 1973. It would presumably legitimize the Russian seizure of Polish and German lands in World War II. But the NATO Ministers insist that progress be made simultaneously toward a reduction of forces in Europe by both sides.

A far more idealistic goal of the two major powers, as stated in a declaration of principles drawn up at the summit, remains more distant. It is no less than "the achievement of general and complete disarmament." Despite the hopeful beginnings in Moscow, that goal only demonstrates how far the big powers still must travel to fulfill the visions of the tough-minded men who faced each other across the bargaining tables in the Kremlin.



CONGRESS APPLAUDS RETURNING PRESIDENT

POLITICS

Miami Battens Down

Many residents plan to flee town. Some storeowners are going to board up their windows. A battalion of National Guardsmen has canceled summer maneuvers to remain on stand-by call. Doctors, fearing the worst, have called for increased ambulance service and emergency supplies of drugs, cots, chairs, tables, tents, huts, trailers and walkie-talkies. One survival-minded citizens' group, The Miami Snowplow Co., requested \$1.7 million worth of canned beef stew, a \$1,632 stockpile of disposable diapers and bottles, 1,000 containers of aspirin, 500 instant ice packs and one medium-transport helicopter—but failed to survive as an organization through lack of support. The scene is Miami Beach, and the preparations are not for a hurricane but for those grand old American blowouts, the Democratic and Republican national conventions.

The prospective influx of the "street people"—estimates range from 5,000 to 100,000, plus 50,000 conventioners—scares many residents. Memories of the bloody riots at the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago have made the graying Miami Beach citizens (median age: 65) more than a little jittery. Fortunately, the coolest heads belong to those most directly involved in keeping the peace. The coolest of all is Police Chief Rocky Pomerance, a big (270 lb.), bright, benign bruiser who preaches that



CHIEF ROCKY POMERANCE
The coolest head.

"the police do not have to be an abrasive force." For the moment, at least, Rocky's spirit of cooperation is matched by the leaders of the Youth International Party (YIP), the chief coordinators for the dozen or more radical groups massing for what one of their flyers calls "peaceful direct action beneath the summer sun of blue-watered Miami Beach." Yippie leaders have set up their mimeograph machines in a posh five-room suite two blocks from the Miami Beach Auditorium and Convention Hall. After several strategy sessions

with Pomerance and his staff, Yippie Organizer Jeff Nightbyrd says: "You know, during all this planning I don't think I heard the word 'pig' one time. We all call them cops around here."

Not that everything is going smoothly. YIP, for example, turned down the city's offer of two demonstration sites, the first because it was too small and the second because it was in the middle of an old folks' section. "Can you imagine what would happen if there was massive tear gassing?" says Nightbyrd. "Those old people can't run, and some of them would die." Eventually, Pomerance set aside two grassy areas in front of the convention hall for demonstrations. A believer in "maximum security with minimum visibility," Pomerance arranged for the fences around the demonstration grounds to be decorated with hibiscus bushes.

Members of the intransigent Miami Beach City Council have suggested that the kids either cut their hair or go home. One organization calling itself Operation Backbone is against granting any public facilities to "hippies, yippies or zippies." Before its efforts ground to a stop, The Miami Snowplow worried in a letter to the *Miami Herald*: "If an uninvited guest has nowhere to go to the bathroom because no one thought to set up portable toilets, then he will go to the bathroom in our parks or waters."

Yippies warn that the lack of adequate camping and demonstration sites could cause trouble. "If they get real hard-nosed about it," says Nightbyrd,

TIME Citizens Panel

The President Buys More Time—and Some Hope—on the War

Rarely if ever in the long and lamentable history of the Viet Nam War have the attitudes of the American public shifted so abruptly as they have in recent weeks. That fact is sharply underscored by the TIME Citizens Panel, a group of 200 citizens randomly chosen from a scientifically selected cross section of 2,000 voting-age Americans. Conducted for TIME by Daniel Yankelovich Inc., the in-depth interviews with panelists are designed to measure the mood of U.S. voters in election year 1972. In sounding out the panel on the war, the second of seven TIME Yankelovich reports shows how volatile that mood can be.

A FEW short months ago, the war seemed to have receded as a campaign issue. Heartened by President Nixon's withdrawal of nearly 500,000 U.S. troops from Viet Nam, war-weary Americans were more than willing to divert their attention to problems at home. Then as the North Vietnamese pressed their military advantage in the South and the U.S. responded with expanded bombing attacks in the North, the war that will not go away once again preyed on the national conscience.

Only a month ago, the first Yankel-

ovich report showed a deepening sense of gloom and frustration about the stepped-up hostilities. At that time, two-thirds of the TIME Citizens Panel felt that the war had taken a sharp turn for the worse. Now, in the aftermath of the mining of North Vietnamese harbors and the summit meeting in Moscow, there has been a distinct change of mood. Seven out of ten panelists in the latest survey express a renewed confidence in the President's conduct of the war. Only three of ten give him a vote of no confidence.

Significantly, the majority support for the President's policies is equally divided between Republicans and Democrats. Some voters from both parties echo hard-line, hawkish positions, saying that the U.S. should escalate the action even further if that is what is needed to win the war. "Fight it and get it over with," says Mrs. Wilma ("Billie") Renner, a Lawrenceburg, Ind., housewife and a Republican. "We're being pushed around overseas and at home. I'm disgusted with people not backing President Nixon." Walter Glamp, a Dublin, Md., high school counselor who voted for Edmund Muskie in his state's primary, feels that the President's adversaries would have voted against the min-

ing action if they thought it was unduly risky. "I believe," he says, "that the North Vietnamese now will watch their step before taking any escalatory actions of their own."

Among those panelists who support the President, three themes stand out:

RISKY BUT WORTH IT. Nixon's move is regarded by most panelists as dangerous. Frequently referring to the Cuban missile crisis, many say that they experienced a few anxious days, Mrs. Tay-

FRIEDBERG

JENSEN



THE NATION

"they'll create a situation where we'll come in with 10,000 seasoned street fighters with helmets and gas masks." In return, the city is preparing for all contingencies. The Miami Orioles baseball team has been evicted from Miami Stadium so that it can handle billeting of troops and/or "uninvited guests" who will not fit into the jails. There has even been talk of blockading the five Miami Beach causeways as a last-ditch, so to speak, security measure.

Rocky Pomerance, who plays down the "show-of-force" factor, dismisses the talk about impending troubles. Propping one modishly booted foot on his task desk, he explains: "I don't see the pressures that existed in 1968. They've greatly expanded the parameters of participation with the 18-year-old vote and the McGovern rules, and that takes some of the pressure off. I think violence as a political tool has peaked and the kids know it's counter-productive."

The professorial ring to Pomerance's utterances is no put-on. A pipe-puffing devotee of antiques, rare books, opera, ballet and classical music as well as boxing and pro football, he is preparing his 250-man force for the convention crush by requiring that each officer take a special 96-hour training course at Florida International University. For the past five months the cops have been studying such heady subjects as the "history and contemporary modes of dissent" and "the philosophical foundations of the Bill of Rights, with emphasis



MIAMI POLICE IN BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE CLASS AT A FLORIDA UNIVERSITY
To the hippies, there are no pigs this time, just cops.

on the First Amendment." Says Rocky, who has studied off and on at both the City College of New York and the University of Miami. "I want my men to know why we must protect a citizen's right to protest. They are learning the psychology of crowd control and their role in the process. They are being told how important it is to their country that they act in a fair, humane manner."

Pomerance has staged sensitivity sessions between cops and longhairs. In one instance, a shaggy youth wearing a Viet Cong button caused one cop to

walk out of the session. "Wait a minute!" yelled a fellow officer. "If you can't take this kid, how you gonna stay cool in July?" The cop returned.

Working on the theory that "maybe nonviolence begets nonviolence," Pomerance is toying with the idea of deploying his front-line men without guns or even helmets. "Maybe," he says, "the soft hat will have a more friendly effect than a hard hat." Of the coming confrontations he concludes: "It's all a question of attitudes. We're working on ours. I hope they're working on theirs."

lor Chambers of Richmond, Ky., a Democrat who has tentatively decided to switch her vote to Nixon, says her first reactions were ambivalent: "I was scared. I wondered what China and Russia were going to do. I felt both horrified and pleased." When it became clear that the feared confrontation had been avoided, a guarded optimism began to replace the doomsday gloom. The high risks, panelists feel, were worth it because now, they assume, the war will truly come to an end. Though vague about what kind of peace will be

achieved, many figure that it will be something like the negotiated settlement in Korea. Others, like John Crowley, a construction worker from Warren, Mich., contend that the South Vietnamese "are a bunch of crooks taking all our money in the black market" and are beyond helping themselves.

THIS MOVE IS DIFFERENT. Panel members do not make the same assumptions about the mining of North Vietnamese harbors as they do about the bombing of bridges, railroads and supply depots. The feeling of many is that the bombing has failed before and will likely fail again. The mining, however, is a new tactical maneuver and thus is not condemned in advance. More important, panelists believe that it is directed squarely at the Russians—the real power behind the scenes. Though many are convinced that the Soviets are the key to resolving the war, few expect them to cooperate because the war enables them "to gain more economic advantages round the world."

WE WON'T BE BULLIED. Time and again, panelists use the same phrase in appraising the President's action. At long last, they say, the U.S. has served notice that "we won't be pushed around." In their view, the bullies are not only the North Vietnamese but the entire Communist world. William Jensen, a Fremont,

Calif., advertising man, fully backs the President, saying that the U.S. has "lost face" for too many years because "we didn't have the backbone to use our military power."

The 30% who oppose the President's handling of the war are no less fervent in their dissent. Mainly Democrats who favor the nomination of George McGovern, they object on ideological grounds or because they think the war is already lost. "You can't ignore the fact that people are getting killed day in and day out," says Rhonda Friedberg, 20, a Manhattan office worker. "It's like witnessing a murder right in front of you." While many panelists view the U.S. involvement as an honorable if misguided attempt to help a small nation, she feels that anything less than immediate withdrawal will be unsatisfactory, because "we are only there to protect our own interests; the concept of honor is an abstraction."

For all their differences, panelists on both sides of the issue reflect an underlying note of wait-and-see skepticism that suggests President Nixon may simply have bought a little more time for himself. If the war should drag on and Nixon's new tactics fail to reap many appreciable rewards, that skepticism could turn into a form of political backlash.

BENNER

GLAMP



Pentagram Papers

"There is one menace to the career and potential of George Wallace," claims self-styled Queen of Witches Sybil Leek in her *Astrological Guide to the Presidential Candidates* published two months ago. "The nearer he gets to his goal, the greater the danger of political assassination. Yet he is likely to transform this danger into an asset, for if an unsuccessful attempt is made on his life, he could turn it to winning many thousands of votes throughout the country."

Written in early 1971, these words were of more interest to horoscope buffs than to political ones. But when Arthur Bremer, nearly 18 months later, fulfilled the prophecy,* some political pundits and poll watchers decided to take a closer look at what is written in the candidates' stars. Not that Leek's peeks into the future have always proved entirely accurate. She once predicted, for example, that in 1970 Richard Nixon would become embroiled in a saucy sex scandal that would jeopardize his re-election by Republicans.

As for this year's remaining Democratic presidential contenders, Leek is apparently scoring quite a few more misses than hits. Although accurately prophesying that the Wisconsin primary would mark a turning point in the campaign of Senator George McGovern, born on the cusp of Gemini and

* Actually, Sybil was a bit off. She thought that the danger of assassination would be the greatest for Wallace, a Virgo, between late July and November.

Cancer, she botched the prediction by adding that "the odds of success favor his Arian opponent [Edmund Muskie]." Giving the Maine Senator a slight edge over Geminian Hubert Humphrey, the *Astrological Guide* also miscast Muskie as the probable winner in Oregon and California.

Republican Leek feels that the planets show Capricorn Nixon's chances for re-election to be uncertain, partly because his horoscope does not show him to be in tune with most of the nation's 25 million young people eligible to vote for the first time this year. According to her own "Astrological Gallup Poll," those new voters born under the six signs of Gemini, Cancer, Virgo, Sagittarius, Aquarius and Pisces will vote Democratic, while only the five signs of Arians, Taurians, Leo, Libra and Scorpio will lean heavily toward the Republican presidential nominee. She considers the Capricorns as a toss-up, giving the Democrats a slight edge in the signs.

But Nixon's prospects for re-election are not irretrievable. Indeed, Sybil believes there is only one Democrat on the horizon who could surely beat him. The man with "the greatest astrological potential for becoming President"—and perhaps not so coincidentally Congress's leading student of the occult—is one who has long since withdrawn from the race: Iowa's Aquarian Senator Harold Hughes.

THE FBI

Interim File

"You can't turn an agency like this on its ear overnight, even if it's needed, and I'm not convinced yet that wholesale change here is either necessary or desirable." So says L. Patrick Gray III after one month on the job as acting director of the FBI. Wholesale they may not be, but some changes have already been made in the post-Hoover era—largely for the better.

Right away Gray let it be known that J. Edgar's rigid rules on agents' appearance were rescinded: "I've no hang-up on white shirts," he says. As a result, mod shirts and ties are blossoming. Hair to the collar and sideburns to the bottom of the ear are now permitted. Gray has established a special division to recruit more black, Spanish-speaking and other minority-group agents. The new division will also hear agents' grievances, which should be a boon to bureau morale, and will help in the agency's pioneering recruitment of women agents.

The weeding process of Hoover's longtime cronies in the bureau continues. Last week Joseph J. Casper, 53, assistant director in charge of training and a 31-year veteran, announced his early retirement; he is the fourth man to resign from the top FBI ranks since Hoover's death. Gray has also purposefully



ACTING DIRECTOR GRAY
But many secrets.

made himself visible and accessible, opening the FBI's doors to the press and patching up relations with those law enforcement officials with whom the aging Hoover had developed feuds.

Gray is revising the agency's investigative priorities. His bureau's main target will be organized crime, he says, followed by domestic subversion, then drugs. Hoover's prime preoccupation was radicals.

The change in emphasis is the more remarkable since in many of his private views Gray is not that distant from Hoover. A former Navy submarine commander, the acting director, at 55, is a firm believer in military-style discipline and old-fashioned American values. He attends Mass every morning and has told friends that the U.S. is suffering sure signs of moral sickness—mainly because of drugs, draft resisters and the New Left.

His only gaffe thus far was the naive assertion, two days into the job, that "the FBI has no political dossiers or secret files on anyone." Having discovered that indeed the bureau does, he is systematically reading through them, and says he has so far found none unwarranted. He contends that the FBI's main files are opened "only after express jurisdictional authority requirements are met," but since the agency has authority in 185 different types of cases, that means exceptionally broad power to gather data.

Adds Gray: "When I became acting director I didn't ask to see my own personal file, but it was brought to me. There were two sections: my main file, including investigations done on me in connection with my military and Government jobs, and a cross file about three inches high, with little white slips of paper indicating references to me in other files. It didn't offend me at all."



SYBIL LEEK ON ASTROLOGY RUG
No sex scandal.



"I keep telling myself it's only a car."

Mercedes-Benz
Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc.



Assassins and Skyjackers: History at Random

THE scenario writes itself in blood and irony: guards scrutinize the passengers. No hostile eyes are present; only travel-stained faces stare back. Then hell erupts. In an Israeli airport, from a French plane, Japanese terrorists gun down Puerto Rican pilgrims (see *THE WORLD*). The mind is dizzied, repelled—and outraged. We were never promised a rose garden, but neither were we threatened with bedlam. History has lurched from its orbit: Cassandra herself could not predict events today. Not merely state or moral statutes seem suspended, but the laws of probability and chance.

The lethal tendency has been crystallizing for well over a decade. In 1960, South African Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, the high-profile white supremacist, had been addressing a crowd, surrounded by police. Like the Israeli guards, they searched the audience for danger, looking no doubt for the face of black rage. Verwoerd was shot by a mild white man who slipped through unsuspected. John and Robert Kennedy, whose enemies were supposed to be enlisted in a sophisticated right-wing conspiracy, were assassinated by naïfs associated with Cuban and Arab causes. Of all the recent assassinations, in fact, only Martin Luther King's seems to have been committed by an expected enemy. Malcolm X was killed by a black man. George Wallace was allegedly shot by a follower—though Arthur Bremer was evidently bird-dogging other candidates with aimless hostility. The list is endless: personal peril now climbs aboard the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, hides in a locked apartment—or in a suburban shopping center as it did recently when a janitor gunned down a handful of strollers in North Carolina. If the earth is unsafe the air bristles with danger. Skyjackings create such anxiety that last week, when four black men seized a Western Airlines jetliner, it was easy to believe the brief rumor that they were demanding custody of Angela Davis. The \$500,000 ransom seemed almost a relief—as did a quiet and temporarily successful \$200,000 holdup of a United jet in Reno.

Today the most frequently—and falsely—coupled words are "senseless" and "violence." But violence is never senseless to the person who commits it. The absurdity occurs only to the victims and onlookers. Therein lies the deepest fear of modern times. War may be obscene; still, it obeys its own rules of tactics and strategy. Organized crime kills; yet it has a penetrable logic of venality and revenge. But contemporary "senseless violence" is opaque. No one can accurately fathom the mind of the deranged, no screen exists to separate the terrorist and his target.

It will not do to invoke the past as antidote. Yes, the plagues and bandits of the Middle Ages killed without warning. Yes, the citizens of Paris in the Terror were marked by the long shadow of the guillotine. Yes, Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia refined the theory and practice of hell. Yet the roots of those terrors could be analyzed, discussed, possibly guarded against in the future. Purges and pogroms, however insane, were crimes committed by the state; diseases and scourges were supposed to come from God. Today, with the dissolution of state and moral authority, crime, like power, seems to have become the estate of the common man.

In a sense, he has become the most feared figure of all time. It is distressing not to trust one's neighbor—to peer incessantly at every strange face at every terminal in every country. It is frustrating to find history still, as Edward Gibbon wrote two centuries ago, "little more than the register of

the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." The notion that society is growing worse is intolerable. Yet the headlines seem to chart the descent. The Israeli airport tragedy provides a chilling example: first come death and terror, then follows the braggadocio of the killers, then the threat of reprisals. The inquiries of the streets echo in parliaments and executive sessions: What are we coming to? Where will it all end?

These are empty questions. The social destination is all too apparent—and all too close to nightmare. To avoid it may be the most difficult task facing any nation at any time in history. For it means walking a line that exists only in theory—the barrier between anarchy and totalitarianism, between meaningless freedom and total control.

Manifestly, the obscenities, the terrorism and madness have to be quelled. Surveillance at airports, on the campaign trail, in urban centers has already begun to be harsher and more demanding. But these measures are only a partial panacea. Without a doubt, gun control and psychiatric aid, better court systems and prisons will aid the search for physical

ROY LICHTENSTEIN



IMAGE OF VIOLENCE (TIME COVER)

safety. But these too are imperfect solutions. No matter how tight the security, how alert the bodyguards and police, someone will break through; some lunatic violence is bound to occur. When it happens, there will be the renewed cry for something more, something that will remove all the random elements from life.

Here the deeper danger lies. To repeal the laws of chance, the dice have to be loaded, the deck stacked. To take the unpredictable from the human condition means, essentially, human conditioning—the hypotheses of B.F. Skinner made extreme, official and permanent.

Elimination of the feeble-minded, preventive detention of the criminally inclined, genetic improvements, behavioral engineering; all these can indeed restrict individual misdeeds. But in that event, crime will revert to the state. The individual will be bereft of his impulses, both criminal and

decent. Even then, there will be no guarantee of full control.

But we need no projections of the 21st century to consider the insane alternative. Memories of the Third Reich and Russia in the '30s are too fresh; there crime was removed from the streets—and returned to the governments. Those authorities lowered it to new levels. As Hannah Arendt observed, in the end, "what totalitarian ideologies aim at is not the transformation of the outside world or the revolutionizing transmutation of society, but the transformation of human nature itself . . . The totalitarian belief that everything is possible seems to have proved only that everything can be destroyed."

All this is not an invitation to moral soft-headedness, a coddling of the malign. Justice Thurgood Marshall spoke for all time when he said, "Anarchy is anarchy, and it makes no difference who practices it. It is bad, it is punishable, and it should be punished." Yet that punishment must rise from rational response to irrational acts. Unfortunately, perhaps tragically, if it is to remain open, human society must assume certain risks. They need not include insanity, terrorism, murder. But they had better include the liberty of action. Total—in other words, totalitarian—security means, ultimately, the Astrodon made global. No weather, no shadows, no frustration, no delight, no true freedom. It is an Anthony Burgess vision made real, a film in which there is no fadeout. That vision is worth pondering the next time violence beckons in some chance and random spot.

■ Stefan Kanfer

The phone company wants more operators like Rick Wehmhoefer.

Rick Wehmhoefer of Denver, Colorado, is one of several hundred male telephone operators in the Bell System.

Currently, Rick is a directory assistance operator. "So far, my job has been pleasant and worthwhile," he says. "I enjoy assisting people."

We have men like Rick in a lot of different telephone jobs. Both men and women work as Bell System mechanics, truck drivers, installers and engineers.

We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

Today, when openings exist, local Bell Companies are offering applicants and present employees some jobs they may never have thought about before. We want to help all advance to the best of their abilities.

AT&T and your local Bell Company are equal opportunity employers.



If you think all menthols taste alike,
try the taste of extra coolness.
Come all the way up to KOOL.



MIDDLE EAST

Israel's Night of Carnage

*To whom shall I hire myself out?
What beast should I adore? What holy
image attack? What hearts break? What
lies uphold? In what blood tread?*

*Rather steer clear of the law. The
hard life, simple brutishness, to lift
with withered fist the coffin's lid, to sit,
to suffocate. And thus no old age, no
dangers.*

—A Season in Hell, Rimbaud

THE unassuming young Japanese carrying Rimbaud's memoirs in his pocket—as police discovered later—was elaborately polite as he debarked with two companions from Air France Flight No. 132 at Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport last week. "Where are you from?" an elderly woman asked. "I am from Japan, madam," was the reply, "and I am very excited about my trip to the Holy Land." The woman answered: "I hope you have a pleasant stay." Minutes later, both were dead, along with 24 others, and 78 persons were wounded in one of the most callous and grotesque terrorist attacks in the Middle East's tortured history.

Once past the police booths, the three Japanese had headed for the luggage conveyor belt, and removed their jackets. Their baggage was among the first to arrive, because they had been the last to board the flight at Rome. In seconds, they opened a suitcase and pulled out Czech-made VZ 58 lightweight submachine guns from which the butts had been removed and half a dozen grenades of a new type whose

shrapnel bursts with devastating effect after the initial explosion. Standing spread-legged and back-to-back, they coldly began firing from the hip into the crowd of deplaning passengers and bystanders, sweeping the hall from side to side. When they had emptied their first magazines, they lobbed the grenades at groups of tourists and airport attendants, then reversed the magazines in their guns and began firing again.

Travelers were blown apart by the exploding grenades. At least six people were decapitated; other bodies were later found without limbs. A child of seven or eight was cut through in two places. Near by a corpse fell onto the luggage rack, which was still running, and traveled macabrely around its oval course with the bags, dripping blood along the way.

More than half of the dead were Puerto Ricans arriving for a long-planned tour of the Holy Land. Another victim was renowned Israeli Biophysicist Professor Aharon Katzir-Katchalsky, 58, who was returning from a symposium at M.I.T. Also among the dead: two of the three Japanese. One had apparently been shot by a companion who accidentally swung his gun too far. The second had dashed out, and either tossed his grenade at a parked jetliner, and was killed when it exploded on the rebound, or

held the grenade in his hand and committed suicide; he was decapitated. The third Japanese was captured by an El Al employee as he dropped his gun and tried to flee the airport. In jail he pleaded: "Execute me as soon as possible, or let me kill myself."

Israelis had to search back to the pre-independence battles of 1948 for a parallel to so awful a civilian massacre. But totally unparalleled and unexpected was the fact that the three attackers were from Japan, a nation with which Israel has no quarrel whatsoever. The surviving terrorist insisted that he was Daisuke Namba, the name on his passport, but this was actually the name of a Japanese who was executed for the attempted assassination in 1923 of the then Crown Prince Hirohito. The youth turned out to be Kozo Okamoto, 24, a university dropout from southern Japan. His dead accomplices, however, had no names for the moment except those, undoubtedly false, on their passports—Ken Torio and Jiro Sugisaki, both 23.

All three were members of Rengo Sekigun, or the Red Army, a small extremist group of university students who had skyjacked a Japan Air Lines jet and its passengers to North Korea in 1970 and engaged in a shootout with Japanese police that took three lives (TIME, March 13). They had also purged —by torture and murder —at least twelve of their own members.

The trio had apparently been recruited in Japan by a representative of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which last

KOZO OKAMOTO



TRAGEDY AT LOD: GRIEVING RELATIVES, A GRUESOME WAITING ROOM AND AN ANGRY PRIME MINISTER GOLDA MEIR VISITING SURVIVORS



A Scary New Flaw in Airline Security

HOW could three Japanese have flown from Rome to Tel Aviv with a suitcase full of submachine guns and hand grenades undetected? The answer is that they apparently discovered a new flaw in airline security.

The first terrorist threat to jets was skyjacking, which is being countered in several sophisticated ways. They include body searches and hand-baggage checks by magnetometers that can signal the presence of metal and alert security men to weapons. Such techniques are not totally effective: last week a skyjacker demanding \$500,000 took over a Western Airlines plane en route from Los Angeles to Seattle. Another armed skyjacker, asking for \$200,000 in cash, charged aboard a parked United Air Lines jet in Reno, Nev.

Luggage in the hold had not been scrutinized because it was assumed that skyjackers needed their weapons in the cabin. In addition, psychological profiles sifted from the characteristics of skyjackers in 268 such incidents since 1969 are also available to identify potential troublemakers.

More recently terrorists have developed a new technique by leaving bags containing barometric-pressure bombs that detonate at specific altitudes to be put aboard jets. Airlines responded by requiring passengers to hand over luggage personally on the assumption that no one flying in an airplane would bomb it. Now they are also experimenting with dogs that can sniff out explosives.

Up to now, however, no one contemplated a third threat: that terrorists would stow their weapons aboard for action on the ground. Just as new fences appeared at U.S. airports following a rash of bombs on TWA planes, air-

lines will try to close this latest security gap with a more extensive baggage search. The question is to what extent passengers will put up with such checks.

Sophisticated new X rays can scan bags without damaging even a roll of film, but they cost \$100,000 apiece. The more practical magnetometers, ranging from \$800 up to \$8,000, detect any kind of metal from a traveling clock to a bra's metal hooks and eyes, and bags would still have to be opened for complete examination. To do that with every piece of luggage going aboard a Boeing 747 would mean passenger check-ins hours earlier than at present. That would eliminate the speed and convenience which are any airline's selling points.

In this shifting warfare, responsibility for security is often difficult to define. The three Japanese last week were checked through a magnetometer at Rome's airport while their uninspected bags were being stowed. Rome Airport Police Chief Pietro Guli insists that baggage is the responsibility of individual airlines. Meanwhile International Air Transport Association Director Knut Hammarskjöld calls airport security everywhere "inadequate."

Security varies from airline to airline and from route to route. In too many cases it appears to be slipshod, even on flights to Israel, which presumably are among those most closely checked. Raúl Maldonado, 38, a member of the decimated Puerto Rican pilgrimage on Air France Flight 132 last week, insists that security was poor. Maldonado, who was unhurt in the shooting, told TIME Correspondent Martin Levin: "No one searched me bodily and no one searched my hand baggage when I got on at Orly."

week promptly claimed responsibility for the airport massacre. Two weeks ago, they turned up in Rome behaving like tourists. Cameras slung over shoulders, they asked directions to the Trevi Fountain, the Spanish Steps and American Express. They had difficulty eating spaghetti, recalled the staff of a *pensione* at which they stayed, and they left no tips. An Oriental woman of 30 or so made contact with them at one point. Finally they bought Air France tickets to Tokyo, with a five-day layover in Israel.

The shooting brought almost as much anguish to Japan as it did to Israel. The newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun* termed the Lod events "the most idiotic act committed by Japanese since the close of the second World War." Premier Eisaku Sato, reading a bulletin on the shootings, asked unbelievably, "Could Japanese really do such a thing?" Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda personally called at the Israeli embassy to apologize on behalf of an entire nation and promised compensation for the families of the victims.

Capable of Acting. Most Arab reaction was of a considerably different order. Jordan's King Hussein called it "a sick crime committed by sick people and planned by sick minds." But Egyptian Prime Minister Dr. Aziz Sidky welcomed the massacre because, he said, it "proves we can, with God willing, realize victory for ourselves in the battle with Israel." Most jubilant of all was the P.F.L.P., which said that the Lod shootout was timed for this week's 15th anniversary of the Six-Day War; it was intended as revenge for Israel's killing of two Palestinian skyjackers aboard a Sabena airliner last month and to prove that "we are still capable of acting." The P.F.L.P. saw nothing immoral in the massacre, comparing it with Israeli bombings of an Egyptian factory and school during the 1970 war of attrition. Said a spokesman: "There are no innocent civilians in Israel since we consider every Israeli as either a soldier fighting us or a colonist occupying our land."

The P.F.L.P. also cleared up some puzzling questions. The Japanese had been recruited, a spokesman admitted, because they could enter Israel more easily than Arabs—especially since Israel last year decided to waive visas for visiting Japanese. For their part, the Red Army men were looking for new ways to carry out their goal of global revolution; their organization has lost appeal and prestige in recent years. The Palestinian fight was an attractive alternative. The P.F.L.P. also insisted that the hired killers were not on a kamikaze mission. Palestinians living in Tel Aviv, they said, were supposed to help them escape. How the escape could occur through aroused Israeli police and guards, they did not explain.

In the Knesset, Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir placed the blame on Lebanon, which she accused of "openly enabling the centers of the terrorist

DEMONSTRATING A DETECTION DEVICE



TRAINED DOG SEARCHING TWA JET



organizations to reside in their midst." Lebanon—recalling that Israel had attacked Beirut airport in 1968 and destroyed civilian planes in retaliation for a fedayeen assault on an El Al plane—braced itself for Jerusalem's revenge. Its 18,000-man army was alerted, and the airport put under tight guard; anti-aircraft guns could be seen swiveling beside the runways.

Israel's charge against Lebanon was only partly fair. True, the P.F.L.P. operates in Beirut. The three Japanese terrorists were wearing Lebanese-made clothes, according to the Israelis, who also assert—despite P.F.L.P. denials—that the three had been trained in Lebanon. Yet Lebanon, a half-Christian, half-Moslem country and temporary home for 300,000 Palestinians, could contain the terrorists only at grave risk to its own fragile unity. Every time the government has tried to do so, a political crisis has resulted. Lebanon is the handiest target for Israel, but the P.F.L.P. also has headquarters in Paris, Rome and Pankow, East Germany. Still, Lebanon's jittery could be premature. At week's end Israeli embassies were issuing statements assigning equal blame to Egypt, which "for years has given its blessings to the indiscriminate killings by the terrorist groups as an instrument of its own policies against Israel."

GUERRILLAS

Terrorists International

The jet age, which has brought a new kind of terror to the world, has also provided the means by which radical groups as ideologically alike but logistically separate as the Japanese and Palestinians can get together in a kind of terrorists international. Japanese Assassin Kozo Okamoto, for instance, was apparently recruited by an Arab who flew into Japan to show a film on commando warfare. While there, the Arab also surreptitiously offered disenchanted Japanese students forged passports, air fare and a chance for a twisted kind of glory.

Intelligence agents questioned last week in scattered capitals told of similar liaisons on a continuing basis among other radical organizations. Arabs were reportedly in Dublin last week to propose cooperation with their fellow Marxists of the I.R.A.; they were said to have held out the possibility of arms and explosives for Northern Ireland to be shipped under diplomatic cover.

Members of the French Canadian Front de Libération du Québec train in the Middle East, where among other things they learn assassination tactics. The bodies of an Eritrean and a Turk

have been found among those of Palestinian guerrillas ambushed by the Israelis in the Jordan River valley, presumably they were on patrol as part of their training for eventual operations at home.

The links are not merely with Arabs. Fidel Castro's Cuban regime has so far trained more than 5,000 Latin Americans, Europeans, Africans and North Americans in politics and terror. But most contacts are not for the purpose of training and underground activity. Often, says one intelligence expert in Europe, they merely "get together from time to time over a joint to swap experiences and ideas." A diplomat in Beirut who has been keeping watch on international guerrillas there estimates that they number no more than 200 altogether and that "the links are more of a romantic nature than anything else."

The trouble is that no one really knows for certain. Jets cover the world so swiftly that guerrillas can gather together almost anywhere on short notice. Paris, Prague, East Berlin and Algiers, along with Beirut, are said to be favorite cities. Another handicap as far as police are concerned is that most of the groups are small and the members know one another. Infiltration, as a result, is almost impossible.



Capturing West Germany's Clyde

COME out," shouted the policeman through a loudspeaker. "Your chances are zero." The defiant answer from the men trapped in a garage in a residential section of Frankfurt last week was a hail of gunfire. The police, supported by a lumbering armored car, poured bullets and tear-gas canisters into the building. Then, after there were screams from the garage, the police commanded the outlaws to take off their clothes and come out one by one. Clad only in dark shorts, the first to surrender was Holger Meins, 30 (left), a key member of the notorious terrorist gang bossed by West Germany's "Bonnie

and Clyde"—former Journalist Ulrike Meinhof, 37, and Student Revolutionary Andreas Baader, 29 (TIME, June 5). After a second man also surrendered, police rushed the garage, where they found a big prize: Baader was lying on the floor with a bullet wound in his left thigh (center, right). As he was carried in an ambulance, where he was stripped naked to discourage an escape attempt, Baader screamed, "You pigs!"

The arrests capped the largest man hunt in West Germany's postwar history. Tens of thousands of police have been combing the country for the terrorists, who have brought West Germa-

ny to the edge of hysteria. In the previous two weeks alone, the Bonnie and Clyde gang is believed to have been responsible for six major bombings, including two at U.S. Army installations that killed four U.S. servicemen and injured 41 persons. Modeling themselves on Uruguay's Tupamaro guerrillas, the gang, which numbered about 25 at its zenith, has engaged in a string of brazen bank robberies, car thefts and shoot-outs with police during the past two years. The motive is political. Through acts of violence, the gang seeks to overthrow West German society and drive the U.S. military presence from the country. Now only three important members of the gang remain at large—Bonnie and two of her girls.

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Round for the South

In Saigon last week, the ever-ready optimism of American and South Vietnamese officials was palpably on the rise. As the Communist offensive entered its third month it seemed to have temporarily ground—or been bombed—to a halt. The North Vietnamese had taken no major new objectives since their capture of Quang Tri and Tan Canh last month. The South Vietnamese army was replacing some of its enormous losses and patching up its shattered morale. Though fresh assaults could reverse the picture, the South Vietnamese were at least holding their own on the three major battle fronts.

► An Loc, 60 miles north of Saigon, passed its 57th day under siege

► Kontum remained surrounded by North Vietnamese, who still occupied all the high ridges overlooking the city. The defenders were being supplied by U.S. and South Vietnamese helicopters that made repeated trips from Pleiku, dodging incoming mortars and rockets as they landed with ammunition and took off with loads of wounded or refugees. TIME Correspondent John Muliken, who flew into Kontum, reported that "the city, that part of it that is left for some civilian living, is crazily hopped up, on a siege high. Civilians and soldiers stand in groups in front of grilled and padlocked stores, talking, watching and laughing with a silly, frivolous air." Daily house-to-house fighting supported by heavy air strikes dislodges most of the North Vietnamese troops who filter into the city.

► Hué, the former imperial capital,

Replacing the tanks in the face of continued U.S. air attacks will be difficult. One captured tank crew reported that they were followed south for more than three months by a detachment of 25 soldiers whose principal function was to conceal the treadmarks.

Meanwhile, the strategic bombing in the North was proving enormously effective largely because of the U.S.'s new "smart" bombs (TIME, June 5). Navy fighter-bombers knocked out one of North Viet Nam's largest railyards at Uong Bi, near the port of Haiphong, and most of the railway bridges between Hanoi and the Chinese border.

Pause to Rest. On the other side, the North Vietnamese had yielded none of their newly captured real estate. They had badly battered ARVN, shown up glaring weaknesses in South Vietnamese military leadership and managed to launch several important if small-scale attacks along the central coast and in the Mekong Delta. Even if their all-out Easter offensive was apparently blunted, the Communists had shown a capacity for springing surprises before and an ability to continue fighting against all rational odds.

U.S. analysts judged that the North Vietnamese may be able to carry on their large-scale offensive for another few weeks, then pause to rest in Cambodia and Laos for another push in late summer or early fall, providing they are able to bring supplies down from the North. Only a few weeks ago, however, the anxious question was how long the South Vietnamese, not the North Vietnamese, could carry on.

NORTHERN IRELAND

A Fragile Hope

Peace is nowhere a more fragile or elusive Grail than in Northern Ireland, where the mood of the warring Catholic and Protestant communities can swing violently. But last week, for a while at least, peace seemed a bit closer, as one of the two rival wings of the Irish Republican Army drew back from the brink of what had seemed an incipient civil war. In a dramatic policy announcement, the Marxist-leaning Official wing of the I.R.A. said that "in view of the growing danger of sectarian conflict," it was suspending "all military action" in Northern Ireland unless attacked by British troops or local Protestant forces.

The Officials' peace bid was quickly denounced by the larger and more active Provisional wing of the I.R.A. "They say they're putting down their guns," sneered one Provo. "But since when did they ever take them up?" Nonetheless, the Officials' cease-fire was a shrewd political move because it capitalized on the Catholic population's growing dissatisfaction with the continued violence.

The Dublin government of Prime



ARVN GUARD (LEFT) ATTEMPTING TO KEEP SOLDIERS AWAY FROM EVACUATION HELICOPTER
Replacing enormous losses and patching up shattered morale.

—surpassing the record set 18 years ago by the French defenders of Dien Bien Phu. The incessant shelling abated, but the South Vietnamese troops have become demoralized by the appalling numbers of wounded in the town and by a lack of medical facilities that renders almost any wound fatal. "They won't get up and fight," one American adviser explained, because "if they get hit, they sure as hell know they are going to die." Increasingly it appeared that An Loc may have become a secondary target of the North Vietnamese, and that their aim is to inflict punishing casualties on a relief column that was sent from Saigon almost two months ago and last week was still cautiously sitting on Highway 13 south of town. Meanwhile, low clouds and rain marking the monsoon season's onset are beginning to hamper the close-in air strikes and pinpoint bombing that have so far staved off disaster for An Loc.

remained braced for the long-predicted major assault that the Communists had not yet launched. Last week South Vietnamese paratroopers sallied out in brigade strength to tighten a gap in the city's northern line of defense along the My Chanh River. President Nguyen Van Thieu visited Kontum and Hué, and confidently asserted that the Communists "do not have the capacity to do anything more."

If Thieu was right—still a large if—the reason was the unprecedented use of American firepower. Though ARVN troops were technically doing the fighting, and often fighting well, nearly all the damage and casualties were being inflicted on the North Vietnamese by Americans—from the air. The North Vietnamese have lost about 30,000 men killed, as well as more than half of the 500 to 600 tanks—35 so far around Kontum alone—that accompanied infantry south for the Easter offensive.

THE WORLD

Minister Jack Lynch increased the pressure on the I.R.A. by arresting three top Provo leaders based in the South (Chief of Staff Sean MacStiofain, however, managed to escape). Lynch explained that he had decided to crack down on the Provos because "peace initiatives have not been given a chance."

Another hopeful sign was the changing position of the major Catholic opposition group, the Social Democratic and Labor Party. The SDLP had been boycotting political talks with William Whitelaw, Britain's proconsul in Ulster, until he released the remaining 541 people held without trial under the detention law. But last week the party urged Catholics to resume their participation in local civic bodies and co-operate with the Whitelaw administration. "It is time," said the SDLP, "for gestures of generosity from all sides, including the men of violence."

Unfortunately, Ulster's Protestant militants seemed to be listening to a different drummer as they drilled openly in the streets of Belfast. The Rev. Ian Paisley called on British troops to "leave their defensive role and go into action against the murderers and rebels." He meant that the British should take charge of Londonderry's Catholic "no-go" areas, where the I.R.A. maintains barricades and checkpoints.

Whitelaw has deliberately avoided an open clash with the I.R.A. by keeping troops and police patrols out of the no-go areas. Last week, in pursuit of his peace-keeping efforts, British troops massed to block a huge Protestant parade in Londonderry from crossing the Foyle River estuary and invading the Catholic areas that lie beyond. Unless the Protestants showed some moderation on their side, the recent signs of Catholic desire for peace would vanish in an instant.

BRITAIN

Farewell to a King

By the time the great west door of St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle swung open to the public last week, a mile-long queue of Britons waited outside. Many had been there through the night in order to pay homage to the Duke of Windsor, who had died at the age of 77 of throat cancer in his Paris home. For two days, while his body lay in state, the ordinary people of Britain turned out to pay their respects to the man regarded as a romantic hero during his brief, ten-month reign as Edward VIII in 1936 until he abdicated for "the woman I love." By the time the great door swung shut again, some 70,000 people from all over Britain had made the pilgrimage to Windsor.

The duke's widow arrived in London on a special plane sent for her by Queen Elizabeth II. She was driven directly to Buckingham Palace where, at the Queen's invitation, she planned to

stay until after a private funeral early this week. It was a gesture that was welcomed by many Britons who felt that the royal family's ostracism of the Duchess of Windsor had lasted far too long. Only ten days before the duke's death, Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Charles had paid their first visit to the Windsors' home in Paris while on a state visit to France.

Inevitably, the Duke of Windsor's death evoked considerable nostalgia in Britain. To a new generation, grown up in a world of considerably freer social customs, Edward's abdication to marry a twice-divorced American woman named Wallis Warfield Simpson seems almost the stuff of storybooks.

Yet in retrospect his extraordinarily brief reign was less than momentous. As the daily *Guardian* observed last week: "The short reign of Edward VIII was sensational, but it had remarkably little effect on the course of the British monarchy. The traditional ways were resumed by George VI and have continued under Queen Elizabeth."

Prince Charming. Born in 1894 at the height of the reign of his great-grandmother Queen Victoria, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, as he was christened, grew up the golden-locked epitome of a Prince Charming. A series of world tours took the prince around the globe four times. Later, on visits to poor Welsh miners, he displayed a "common touch" he never lost and returned to London to plead for relief for the victims of the Great Depression.

But the handsome young prince also loved a good time. When he asked his father if he might have Fort Belvedere as his own residence, George V replied: "What could you possibly want that old place for? Those damn weekends, I suppose." It was on one of those weekends in 1931 that he met the vivacious, dark-eyed Mrs. Simpson, then the wife of a London ship broker. As Edward recalled later in his memoirs, "From the first, I looked upon her as the most independent woman I had ever met."

As long as he was still a prince, the love affair with Mrs. Simpson was never really a problem. Not a word appeared in the British press—not in fact until one week before his abdication. Even when his father died in January 1936, and Edward, then 41, ascended the throne, he showed little inclination to marry. But when the two lovers took a much-publicized Mediterranean cruise together that summer, the romance created a worldwide scandal. When Mrs. Simpson got a divorce and moved into Fort Belvedere, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin forced Edward to make the choice: marriage or the throne.

Baldwin's point was simple: the King's position as titular head of the Church of England, which forbade divorcees to remarry, would not allow him to make Mrs. Simpson his Queen. Moreover, the constitution made no provi-



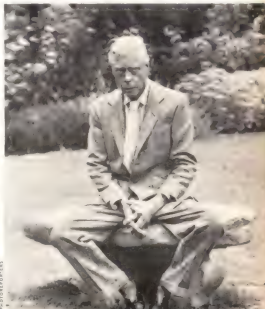
DUCHESS ON WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE
The stuff of storybooks.

sion for a morganatic marriage. Beyond the question of divorce, there were reports that the government sought to rid the throne of a King it felt was all too friendly with Nazi Germany.

After the war, the duke and duchess continued to live in voluntary exile in Paris, when they were not on the Riviera, in Marbella or New York. An invitation to spend the weekend *chez* Windsor was the height of social success. Even so, the duke never lost his unassuming ways (and never conquered the French language). He devoured comic strips, tended his roses, and played a fair game of golf. In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Paul Rens not long ago, he recalled that he had played golf with Emperor Hirohito when both were young men. "Oh yes, I beat him badly," admitted the duke.

He never showed regret over his de-

THE DUKE AT HOME NEAR PARIS (1964)



THE WORLD

cision. "Time has long since sanctified a true and faithful union," he wrote. In recent months, his neighbors noticed that the duke no longer took his two pugs for strolls in the Bois de Boulogne. It was the first public sign of his rapidly failing health. This week, in accord with arrangements worked out long ago with his brother King George VI, the duke will be buried at the small Frogmore cemetery at Windsor, near where he sailed boats and bicycled as a child. The duke chose that pastoral setting rather than St. George's Chapel itself, where English Kings are traditionally buried, so that his commoner widow might in time be buried at his side.

JAPAN

Letter to Henry K.

Fresh from stage-managing the Moscow summit, Henry Kissinger is scheduled to fly to Japan this week on a less dramatic but still pressing mission: mending fences with the U.S.'s most important Asian ally. Ever since last summer, when Japan learned to its astonishment that Nixon's adviser had gone to Peking to arrange a presidential visit about which Tokyo had not even been informed, the Japanese have become increasingly convinced—rightly or wrongly—that some personal Kissinger bias has had a role in shaping what they see as a harsh and misguided new U.S. policy direction. Tokyo's pique (or paranoia) has only been exacerbated by the fact that Kissinger turned aside several official invitations to visit, finally agreed to a "private" trip and then postponed it twice. In an open letter to the President's emissary, TIME's Tokyo bureau chief spells out why the Japanese are upset:

Dear Dr. Kissinger,

Just about everyone here in Tokyo will be relieved to finally see you step off that plane that seems to have become your second home. Still another postponement of your first visit to Japan since moving into the White House would harden the Japanese suspicion that you attach no urgency at all to the U.S.'s relations with the world's third economic power. Through Japan's photochemical smog, you'll be seeing a paradoxical country where islands of quiet and beauty coexist with urban sprawl, and where modernization has never meant Westernization. Japanese society is awesomely purposive; yet it is now groping uncertainly for its role in a drastically changed international setting.

Though they will veil it with courtesy, the reason the Japanese have been so eager to get you here is that they regard you as an important part of their problem. They link your name to the "China shock" of last July whose traumatic impact far exceeded the economic shocks that followed. Having stuck to an increasingly controversial policy

of support for Nationalist China at our behest, they felt doublecrossed and deliberately outflanked. Since then, the Japanese have heard that you hold rather harsh and fatalistic views about them generally—that while for the time being they have only the U.S. to turn to, they will over the long run head inevitably in a nationalist and nuclear direction.

Even on a personal level, no one has ever heard you rhapsodize about the conceptual sweep of Japanese leaders the way you have done in the case of Chou En-lai. They do indeed tend to be rather bland men, practical and often frustratingly didactic. But it is still impressive how far they have moved



"Most sorry for delay, Mr. Ambassador—had first to make search of baggage for 'shokku.'"

their nation in the past two decades.

In short, you are widely regarded as anti-Japanese. This should not put you in a defensive mood (not that you are much given to that posture), for this would merely compound the mutual suspicions. Nor should you believe that the mere gesture of devoting four days of your precious time to them will convince the Japanese that you really regard them as the U.S.'s "most important ally in Asia." Your hosts would like instead some clear answers on how they fit into the Nixon-Kissinger scheme of a multipolar power balance. Although their feelings are ambivalent, they are mainly frightened by Nixon's much discussed concept of a world with five power centers—the U.S., the Soviet Union, China, Europe and Japan—each "balancing the other."

Though they hate to give up a relationship that was so cozy and com-

fortable for so long, the Japanese have come to accept your thesis that their long near-total reliance on Washington's leadership is now obsolete—a relic of the cold war era when there were just two antagonistic giants, each with its own cluster of clients. But while they welcome a little more independence, the Japanese fear that the new five-power future espoused by the President could be as unworkable as the old two-power world. As they see it, Nixon's (and your) new world is already so topsided as to rule out any real likelihood that the "even balance" of power that the President talks about will ever emerge.

Then, too, the Japanese worry that their own peculiar national style is not suited to a new freewheeling era of rapid shifts and realignments. In Japan, policy is not shaped by a few dynamic leaders at the top (as in Washington or Peking), but through a slow process of consensus reached within a large—and largely anonymous—Establishment. To an insular nation like Japan, where xenophobia is never far beneath the surface, the psychological alternative to the haven of a steady alliance is a return to defiant self-reliance. Sometimes they fear that, inadvertently, you may be pushing them in this direction. Already, they suspect that you regard the U.S.-Japan security treaty more as a means of containing Japan than China and the Soviet Union.

Concern of Powers. One Japanese concern exceeds all others. Since the four other members of the President's concert of powers are already nuclear, the Japanese detect an implication that eventually they are to go nuclear as well. That prospect frightens Asia. It has also put Tokyo at a disadvantage with Peking, which has been able to make life extremely uncomfortable for Premier Eisaku Sato's government by playing on Asian fears of Japanese remilitarization. As Peking is aware, no one is more worried about nuclearization than the Japanese themselves. Such a step to them spells continued hostility from China and a serious obstacle to the process of accommodation that Japan has successfully followed since the war to safeguard its far-flung supply lines and markets. This is not just the symptom of a passing "nuclear allergy." It is the sober assessment of a crowded island nation that knows it can be wiped out by a couple of H-bombs on Tokyo and Osaka and is not about to pay the vast economic and political price for nuclear status symbols that have as much reality as the Emperor's new clothes.

Thus the need for a close and considerate American partnership with Japan is undiminished. Of course you have every right and reason to remind the Japanese that they must pull their weight. Under the threat of another trade and monetary crisis, they are at last realizing that they cannot continue piling up vast trade surpluses and treat development aid as a kind of export promotion. You will surely warn them of

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the political spillover effects if they fail to follow through on this promptly. You should also press them (again) to do something about that bureaucratic screen that they have used, for far too long, to protect their industries from outside competition. In the end, of course, the root of our trade deficit is the sad state of American competitiveness—and that is our problem, not theirs.

The fact that you are coming is a hopeful sign that you may not be as fatalistic about Japan's future as you have been made out to be. Considering the profound influence that the U.S. has exerted on Japan ever since the arrival of Commodore Perry's black ships, that would be an oddly antihistorical view. What is more, the fatalism could turn into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Sincerely,

Herman Nickel
P.S. It may be small comfort, but light fish and rice dishes are the thing here. However unhappy your hosts may be with U.S. policy, they are not likely to retaliate with anything like those 18-course banquets that the Chinese hurled at your diet in Peking.

BURUNDI

Revenge of the Tutsis

On the northern shores of Lake Tanganyika, in the tiny Central African republic of Burundi, hundreds of bodies lie in tangled clusters, rotting in the sun. To the south and west, the rolling countryside is half-blackened by fire. In one mountain village, Rotoru, only live people are still alive; an army patrol shot down the women and children and pushed the men over a cliff. In the northern part of the country, a white schoolteacher remarks that he is reluctant to turn his back on his classes to write on the blackboard "because I'm afraid that somebody will be dead when I turn around again."

Such are the scenes of genocide in Burundi, where the Hutu tribal majority revolted last month against their traditional overlords, the Tutsi tribesmen,* and the Tutsi-controlled government of President Michel Micombero (TIME, May 22). The revolt was put down after two weeks of fighting, but not before tens of thousands of Tutsis had been slain. In the town of Nyanza-Lac alone, a single Catholic priest presided over the mass burial of 15,000 Tutsis.

But even then the killing did not stop. Enraged Tutsis, who are outnumbered by about six to one throughout Burundi, proceeded to round up—and evidently murder—virtually every Hutu of wealth, education or power. Hutu schoolteachers disappeared, as did Hutu bank clerks, taxi drivers and farmers,

At the prison in Bujumbura, the national capital, Hutu prisoners were herded into the courtyard and mowed down by machine-gun fire from a helicopter.

After three weeks, the wrath of the Tutsis appeared to be waning. But the toll had been terrifyingly high. No fewer than 50,000 and perhaps more than 100,000 people had been slaughtered in the fighting and in the massacre that followed. The Hutu tribe, moreover, had been deprived of its leadership and left with a terrible lust for vengeance. In the words of a United Nations report, "Burundi has slipped back an entire generation in three terrible weeks."

BRAZIL

The Women

The scent of the devil is in the air, said the vicar of Miguel Pereira, as more than 100 women from all over Brazil gathered last week in this scenic, peaceful mountain town northwest of Rio de Janeiro. A smirking TV crew crowded into the local beauty shop, where business was booming. "No reason to get concerned over this conference," jeered a Miguel Pereira attorney. "It's mostly for women to give vent to their vanity." Sniffled a local garbage man. "If they want equality, let them collect garbage."

The big event in Miguel Pereira was the first national women's congress held in Brazil, heartland of Latin American *machismo*, in 26 years. For all the fretting of the onlooking males, however, the meeting hardly foreshadowed a feminist revolution. For three days the women—white, mostly middle-aged, middle class—hammered out resolutions on such matters as day-care centers and drugs, but that was about as far as they cared to go. Delegate Cilésia Furtado, 38, sighed that she was "turned off by most Women's Libbers in the U.S." It seems, she complained, "that women there want to stop being women." Conference Organizer Aristolinda Queirós de Almeida was scarcely more militant. "Our fight isn't against men," she said at one point. "On the contrary, what we want is to unite more and more with them. We think in terms of participation, not emancipation."

Participation is no problem in the small (pop. 13,000) town of Miguel Pereira. Conference Leader de Almeida, a plump, fiftyish woman who radiates a sort of friendly simplicity, is not only the mother of four and wife of the local barber, but also the town's full-time mayor. Since her election in 1970, after four terms as a city councilwoman, Brazilians have been startled to discover that they have not only a woman mayor in their midst but an entire town that is run—and run well—by a female administration. That administration came about largely by chance, as women were appointed to more and more posts by various mayors over the years.

Today, the town's local magistrate is a woman, and so are its health-services chief, its notary public, its postmaster, the heads of its two power and light districts and its two school districts. Police Chief Maurício de Freitas, who concedes that his job is frankly "tranquil," is the town's only male official of any importance. As for Mrs. de Almeida, her troubles are the same as any mayor's: "We need to build more roads, more public parks and more schools," she says. "My two biggest enemies are time and lack of money."

Miguel Pereira notwithstanding, Brazil has not proved to be promising ground for the women's movement. True, it was one of the first Latin Amer-



THE POWERS OF MIGUEL PEREIRA*
But the menfolk still rule at home.

ican countries to give women the vote (in 1932), but not until 1962 did the Congress strike down the old civil code provisions that put married women on an equal footing with prodigals, savages, minors and the insane. Antidiscrimination laws are on the books, but they are not enforced; Brazilian women are paid about 70% of what men are given for the same jobs.

Informed by a Latin tradition of female domesticity that has annealed over several generations, the women simply have little inclination to get involved in politics, sexual or otherwise. That even goes for Miguel Pereira. "I'm the mayor of the city," Aristolinda de Almeida says, "but at home the head of the family is still my husband."

*Mayor de Almeida (right) with police chief (center) and other city officials.

*Better known outside Africa as the "Watusi," the tall, legendary warriors of King Solomon's Mines. The Hutu (or Bahutu) is a short-statured Bantu tribe; the traditional peasants.

PEOPLE



DEGREE FOR DR. ANNA FREUD
Inherited honor.

The frail old lady in the big baroque chair listened gravely to the speeches. The honorary doctorate, said Professor Hans Strotzka, "is a symbolic act which marks a formal end to the exclusion of psychoanalysis from Vienna University." **Dr. Anna Freud**, 76, was being honored at last in the city from which her pioneering father, **Dr. Sigmund Freud**, fled 34 years ago. Other speakers insisted that the tribute was hers alone, for her work in child psychoanalysis. Anna Freud felt otherwise: "Academic honors are not usually hereditary," she said in the dry, careful diction she uses with her youthful patients, "but I feel that herewith I inherit my father's part."

Candidate for the year's most beautiful unwed mother: French Film Star **Catherine Deneuve**, 28, who last week had her second illegitimate child—a daughter, as yet unnamed. Her first, eight-year-old Christian, is the son of Director **Roger Vadim**. Among the earliest to congratulate the new mother was Italian Actor **Marcello Mastroianni**, with whom she shares a Paris apartment.

With mixed feelings of "joy and paranoia," Composer-Conductor **Leonard Bernstein**, 53, appeared before a tough, critical audience last week. The National Press Club in Washington. To the newsmen, the protean showman defended his *Mass*—the liturgical theater piece he wrote to open the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts last September. One of the many misconceptions he wanted to clear up, said Lenny, was the idea that **Rose Kennedy** hated the composition. "The only quotes I ever read of hers in the press were: 'I

liked *Hair* better' and 'Don't hug me so hard—you'll spoil my makeup,'" said Bernstein. In fact, "she was terribly moved" at the performance and had written him that the *Mass* was "a masterpiece" and "a soul-stirring experience for us all."

Conductor **André Kostelanetz** figured that it might be fun to get together with his ex-wife, Soprano **Lily Pons**—at least for a concert. With Kostelanetz on the podium of Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall and Pons at 68 looking frightened and fragile, nostalgic fans found that time has left a bit of dust on Lily's middle voice but that the famous high tones are still silvery. After a soaring *Estrellita*, Lily got a standing ovation, then dodged her well-wishers and headed straight for bed.

Cesar Chavez, 45, veteran and victor of many a bitter battle for his United Farm Workers, was a casualty of his latest struggle—a 20-day fast to protest a new Arizona law that forbids secondary boycotts and strikes by farm workers at harvest time. Drawn and wasted after losing 30 lbs. Chavez was wheeled to an ambulance through the 90° heat of Phoenix, feebly moving his head to avoid the blasting sun. Cesar's condition was serious, said his doctor. Meanwhile, defiant Arizona laborers began leaving the harvest-ready fields, shouting "Viva Chavez!"

Who will follow in the trochees of the late **Cecil Day-Lewis** as Britain's 19th poet laureate? No hurry about it, of course—there was a seven-month wait last time, after the death of **John Masefield** in 1967. But the British press is already kicking names around. Most of the names don't seem to be overjoyed at the thought of the honor, which carries a yearly stipend of \$182, plus \$70

"in lieu of a butt of sack." Says Poet **Stephen Spender**, 63: "I do not want to do anything that would make me more hated by other writers than I already am." However, he had a helpful suggestion: "What we really want from a poet laureate is high camp. **W.H. Auden** is superbly qualified." From Austria, Auden wrote the *London Times* that he was "amazed and distressed" at the suggestion that he should give up his American citizenship to accept the honor. "Even if I coveted the post, which I don't, to do such a thing for such a motive I should regard as contemptible."

Pope Paul VI, who has strongly urged all Roman Catholic bishops to retire at 75, turns 75 himself in September. In April, when Italian newspapers were speculating that Paul might be the first Pope in modern history to resign the Pontiff gave a talk to some nuns in which he was quoted as saying "I do not want to give up the papacy." Apparently it was felt that so bold an avowal gave too much recognition to the possibility of retirement. The Vatican has just released a tape of the wistful words Paul really uttered: "It would be beautiful to be able to shake off the burden of the church and say I do not want it."

Belly Dancer **Nadia Parsa** was doing her peristaltic stuff at a press party in Teheran when in walked Presidential Adviser **Henry A. Kissinger** with Iranian Prime Minister **Amir-Abbas Hoveida** and U.S. Assistant Secretary of State **Joseph Sisco**. Her kohl-rimmed eyes gleaming, Nadia undulated over to the tables where the VIPs were sitting. Then, while Iranian plainclothesmen efficiently stymied the photographers, she nestled herself on Kissinger's lap for three minutes or so. "A delightful girl," said Henry the K later, "very interested in foreign policy." What had they talked about? Answered Kissinger, with a straight face: "I spent some time explaining how you convert SS-7 missiles to Y Class submarines."

HENRY KISSINGER (SEATED LEFT) RELAXES WHILE NADIA PARS FLEXES



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EDUCATION

College, Who Needs It?

It is clear from their cries of gloom and doom that a number of colleges and universities are endangered by falling enrollments. In fact, according to a study by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education published this week, 110,000 freshman places in four-year institutions went unfilled last fall, 24% more than the year before. Are economic circumstances the major reason for those empty seats? Not according to the author of the report, Richard Peterson, a research psychologist for the Educational Testing Service.

Far more important, Peterson argues, is a fundamental change in the attitude toward college of white, middle-class youngsters. He sees signs that "a

best means of access to the middle class, are taking their places. The number of Chicanos attending college increased by 19.1% last year, and blacks by 17.2% (although enrollment in black-studies courses fell by 8%). Women's enrollment rose too, by 5.1%.

The shifting student population is a costly matter to many institutions. California's huge, 19-campus state college and university system lost not only \$1,000,000 in tuition when its fulltime enrollment declined by 4,530 this year, but another \$2.9 million in state support, which fluctuates according to the number of students enrolled. To recruit new students, some colleges have resorted to colorful brochures, radio commercials and high-pressure salesmanship. At the University of Southern California, professors themselves are making follow-up phone calls to prospective students, and the appeals to ordinary high school graduates have been compared to the recruiting of athletes in previous years.

Innovations. Enrollment figures seem to indicate that to attract students, colleges should consider ways to accommodate stop-outs, special programs for minority students, more vocational training and new interdisciplinary curriculums. Largely because they lack the money, few schools have made such changes. Some that have, however, are flourishing. Three examples:

- In 1968 the University of Wisconsin focused the entire academic program at its Green Bay campus on environmental problems and saw enrollment there more than double to 3,450 this year. Students major in such broad topics as Ecosystems Analysis, for example, in which traditional subjects like biology and chemistry are related to the problems of controlling pollution.

- Ferris State College in Big Rapids, Mich., which offers associate degrees in automobile repair and body mechanics, has so many applicants that it cannot admit new students to such programs until September 1973. Its enrollment has grown by 25% in two years.

- Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash., which opened with about 1,000 students last year, encourages students to contract with faculty members on what to study. For example, one group agreed to design a municipal park for the city of Lacey. The college has no grades, no departmental requirements and expects to almost double its enrollment by next fall.

Some of these innovations may turn out to be only passing fads, but for the moment they seem to serve a need. Insofar as the drop in enrollments will force schools to reconsider their goals, Peterson believes "the fact that students are not accepting a college education and a degree uncritically any more will have salutary effects on higher education."

Thus, after flexing their muscles in campus demonstrations for several years, students may find that their real power lies not on the picket line but in the registrars' offices.

Another critic of the educational Establishment is Oscar Handlin, professor of history at Harvard. At Brooklyn College's commencement exercises last week, he commiserated with the graduates, saying that 16 years in a classroom is simply too long. Noting that their ancestors were considered men and women at age 13 or 14 and "had tested their powers well before they were out of their teens," Handlin said: "Nothing real happens to those lapped in comfortable dependence and shielded by beneficent institutions against exposure to the elements." Colleges, Handlin concluded, are actually killing education. "In the 1970s we sentence more of our youth to more years in school than ever before in history, so that never before have Americans been as poorly educated as now."

The Beaten Generation

Because he came back after school for a drink of water and ignored a teacher who tried to stop him, Roderick Oliver, 16, was struck so hard that he claims that he was knocked unconscious at Sarah Zumwalt Junior High in Dallas. Another black student, Douglas Ware, 17, was whacked more than a dozen times by his coach at Sunset High for being late to gym class, failing to bring his sneakers and other misdemeanors. Oliver and Ware were only two of 5,358 cases of corporal punishment reported by Dallas school officials in 1971. This year they estimate that there may be 20,000, partly because of troubles stemming from the schools' newly achieved integration.

Stung by the amount and extreme

CULVER PICTURES



19TH CENTURY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE
A way to show disapproval.



AUTO MECHANICS AT FERRIS STATE
A desire for no-nonsense.

college education is not needed for what they consider the good life. More and more, they feel that they can live satisfactorily without a college degree." While some may simply be dropping out, or not going in the first place, Peterson believes that even more have a new-found desire for "no-nonsense" job training offered at vocational schools.

Shifts. Actually, in spite of the missing freshmen, the total enrollment figure is still growing, owing to the new popularity of two-year public colleges and graduate schools.* There is also a marked increase in the number of part-time students. While middle-class students are dropping out, or "stopping out," of college, blue-collar and minority students, who see education as their

*Peterson's conclusions are based on evidence from 1,158 two- and four-year campuses, nearly half the U.S. total.

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EDUCATION

violence of such punishment, Dallas Attorney Fred Time recently brought suit against the school district on behalf of the parents of Oliver, Ware and others. Time did not seek to abolish corporal punishment altogether, but to limit it to cases where parents gave their approval. He lost his suit when the Fifth Circuit Court agreed with a lower court that they had no jurisdiction, but he plans an appeal. Said Time last week: "We are going to try to go all the way to the Supreme Court."

Meanwhile the American Civil Liberties Union has similar cases pending in other federal courts. As a consequence of the concern over the abuses of corporal punishment, Massachusetts last week became the third state (after New Jersey and Maryland) to ban it.

The school board of Boston, like those of New York City, Washington and Chicago, had earlier forbidden it. Pittsburgh, too, is phasing it out, but only after a particularly fierce battle. Paddling a student, said Albert Fondy, president of the Pittsburgh Teachers Federation, is "a quick way to show disapproval, like the city giving me a parking ticket when I park illegally."

Legalizing. Many state laws not only permit the use of corporal punishment in the schools, but appear to prohibit local school boards from banning it, and eight states, including Michigan and Virginia, have enacted statutes since 1958 explicitly legalizing the practice. Both parents and teachers seem to approve: a 1970 Gallup poll reported that 62% of parents queried believed in modest use of physical punishment, and a 1969 National Education Association poll found that 65% of elementary teachers favored the "judicious use" of physical punishment in the classroom.

Nevertheless, a task force of the NEA, while recognizing the enormous disciplinary problems that teachers face, is expected in a forthcoming report to recommend that corporal punishment be forbidden. Says black Educator Arthur E. Thomas, of Dayton, Ohio, who counsels students and parents on their rights: "Paddling our children has served little useful purpose, except perhaps to teach them that it is all right for adults to beat up on people smaller than themselves."

Kudos: Round 2

AMHERST COLLEGE

Ralph Nader, LL.D., dedicated consumer advocate.

David B. Durk, LL.D., Amherst class of '57, New York police sergeant. *Your college greets you with the proudest title of all, "a good cop."* You expand our imagination of what a man educated here might do to achieve a more decent and a more humane society.

CITY COLLEGE

Buell G. Gallagher, L.H.D., president emeritus of C.C.N.Y. *Recognizing educa-*



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Bulova Oceanographer

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MODEL AHTQ304

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—ARTHUR GODFREY



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CHRYSLER



EDUCATION

tion as a function of human relationships, you tried at all times to keep open the doors of access and communication within this college community, using compassion and humor to deflect anger and divisiveness.

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Isaac Bashevis Singer, Lit.D., author

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

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Alfred Day Hershey, Sc.D., Nobel-prizewinning geneticist.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

Mike Nichols, L.H.D., stage and film director. *[He] has stimulated the laughter at millions, and in that process exposed to the light of comedy much that is pretentious, venal and false in contemporary life.*

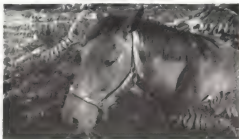
WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY

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SPECIALLY FORMULATED TO FIGHT JOCK ITCH.**

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You're in good hands.

Pins Against Pain

For at least 21 millennia, Chinese physicians have used acupuncture to relieve pain and treat conditions ranging from arthritis to impotence. Practitioners in recent years have found an important new use for the ancient art of inserting needles at selected points in the body—as an operating-room anesthetic. It is in this form that acupuncture is finally beginning to attract serious attention in the U.S.

American physicians visiting China last year were amazed to see patients remaining awake and even cheerful during major surgery. While there is still a

cedure, suffered no pain during the hour-long operation. "If I felt anything," he said later, "it was just a tingling sensation when they cut the skin."

Another patient was Frederic Newman, 23, a medical student who underwent acupuncture anesthesia for an operation performed last month. Dr. James Fox of the State University of New York's Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn anesthetized Newman's throat by inserting needles in his hands and feet. With assistants, Fox then rotated the needles for 20 minutes while the patient gradually lost feeling. A small benign growth was then painlessly removed from the left tonsil. According to Newman, similar surgery performed several months earlier under a conventional topical anesthetic had caused him "excruciatingly sharp pain."

Despite its effectiveness, acupuncture remains a scientific mystery, even to modern Chinese experts. Some researchers have reported that variations in the skin's electrical resistance seem to follow the twelve pathways or meridians of the acupuncture charts. Others claim that the skin at acupuncture points is less dense than at other spots on the body. J.R. Worsley, a prominent English acupuncturist (but not a doctor), resorted to the ancient explanations last week when he demonstrated his art on a nearly nude young woman on WNET, New York's educational television station. He had been treating the patient, Worsley said, for digestive complaints and mental disorientation. The "cure" was accomplished, he said, by regulating the flow of energy to various organs.

Nerve Circuits. Worsley's sort of explanation and his claims of success hardly satisfy the scientifically minded. Dr. Pang Man, director of research at the Northville (Mich.) State Hospital and a participant in the Einstein operation, subscribes to the neurological approach put forward by Professor Ronald Melzack of McGill University. Called the "gate control theory" of pain, it holds that certain nerve cells in the spinal cord can either inhibit or intensify the flow of pain impulses to the brain. If the theory is correct, implantation of acupuncture needles could prevent pain in two ways: first, by blocking the transmission of pain sensations from peripheral nerves to the spinal cord and thus to the brain; second, by shutting down the pain reception center in the brain itself. Since various nerve "circuits" control the organs, acupuncture relieves pain even when needles are inserted into areas other than those under treatment.

Whatever the explanation, a growing number of doctors are convinced that acupuncture is a potentially valuable procedure. Yet virtually no extensive research has yet been undertaken

in the U.S., though the National Institutes of Health recently offered to finance such work.

Until thorough studies are made, acupuncture in the U.S. is likely to remain a rarity. Even some acupuncture enthusiasts warn that would-be pin stickers should exercise caution. Dr. Samuel Rosen, a noted New York ear surgeon who visited China last year, points out that the Chinese spend years learning the method and doubts that Americans can master it in less time.

Rosen's warning is well taken. Some of acupuncture's 365 points lie close enough to major blood vessels and nerve passageways to make an inaccurate insertion perilous. Nor are acupuncture's anesthetic effects the same for all patients. Einstein's doctors admit that their success has been tempered by failure. They had used acupuncture to anesthetize a patient undergoing hernia surgery. A third of the way into the operation, the patient began experiencing pain, causing the physicians to fall back on a conventional anesthetic.

Censure for Knowles

Controversy is an old companion to Dr. John Knowles. The outspoken former director of Massachusetts General Hospital was the focus of a political battle three years ago when the American Medical Association worked—successfully—to block his appointment as an Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Now, as Knowles prepares to leave Boston to become head of the Rockefeller Foundation, the Massachusetts Medical Society is about to censure him formally.

The unusual reprimand of one of the nation's most prominent doctors is in response to Knowles' continuing criticism of his colleagues. He has frequently taken advantage of newspaper and television interviews to question physicians' ethics. Last February, in the *Intellectual Digest*, he charged that some 30% to 40% of American doctors are "making a killing" in medicine, some by performing "incredible amounts of unnecessary surgery." Though no one can pinpoint the amount, many doctors agree that there is much superfluous surgery. Incomes are high: the median is more than \$40,000 a year, while some private practitioners make more than \$100,000.

The state society objected to Knowles' allegations and invited him to substantiate his claims. When he refused, the organization's Committee on Ethics and Discipline found that he had acted in a manner "unworthy of an honorable physician" and recommended his censure. The society's council agreed. Retorted Knowles: "I'm not going to diddle around with those jerks." Nor is he likely to be deterred from further criticism. Knowles hopes to persuade the Rockefeller Foundation board to underwrite a comprehensive critique of the medical profession.



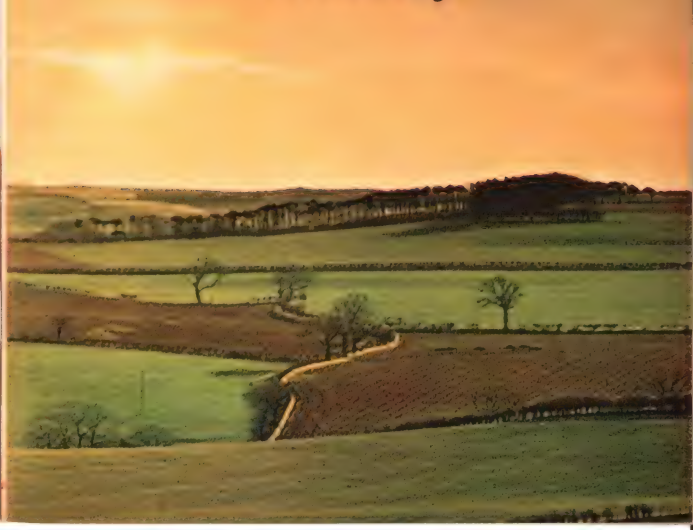
DR. PANG MAN UNDERGOING ACUPUNCTURE
Controlling the gates.

good deal of skepticism in the U.S. about acupuncture, a few doctors have been quietly experimenting on themselves, their colleagues and members of their families. Last week two medical teams in New York reported that they had successfully used their new knowledge on surgical patients as well.

The first announcement came from the Hospital of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, where doctors used acupuncture to anesthetize William Rosner, 65, who was undergoing a skin graft. According to Dr. Louis Orkin, chairman of the department of anesthesiology, needles were placed in the inner corners of Rosner's eyes, his left hand and leg. The sites were selected by following Chinese acupuncture texts.

Rosner, who had agreed to the pro-

Seagram's
7 Crown.
It's America's
whiskey.





STAGAN BOTTLED IN N.Y.C. BLENDING WHISKY. BY PHOT. ART. CHAN MISTRAL PHOTO.



America's a big country.

A country where tastes are different. Where styles are warmly accepted in one place, and coolly ignored in another. In short, a country where it's hard to please everyone.

But there's a whiskey that comes pretty close. Seagram's 7 Crown. Year after year 7 Crown outsells every other brand. Of any kind. And emerges clearly as America's favorite whiskey.

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The clean, comfortable taste of 7 Crown. A distinctive flavor with a character no other whiskey can match. And Seagram's 115 years experience insures that bottle after bottle, drink after drink, the quality of this whiskey never changes.

So when America asks for 7 Crown, they always get the same thing. The best.



Thank you, America,
for making our whiskey
your whiskey.



ENVIRONMENT

Energy Crisis: Are We Running Out?

THE breakdown did not come all at once—not like the cataclysmic night-fall that blacked out New York and most of the Northeast in 1965—but it was no less eerie. House lights went out; furnaces sputtered and cooled; auto traffic jammed up at darkened intersections. Dog races were canceled because the electric rabbits would no longer run. Factories shifted to a four-day week, then a three-day week, laying off 1.6 million employees. Only the most essential services operated full time—hospitals, water and sewage plants—and nobody knew how long they could continue.

A scenario for the future? Perhaps. But it all happened last winter, when Britain's coal miners went on strike for almost two months. Without coal, there was not enough fuel for electric power plants. Without enough electricity, the nation faltered.

Americans use nearly twice as much electric power per capita as the British and six times as much as the world average. Could such power failures happen here? Early warning signals are everywhere. Says James Lydon, a vice president of Boston Edison Co.: "We have a serious power-supply situation in New England. The consumer can expect voltage reductions this summer." Similar brownouts are forecast for New York, Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida, Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. Miami, New York City and Chicago cause "special concern." When the temperatures rise next month, consumers who keep buying more and more electrical appliances can expect from time to time to find their air conditioners slow, their lights dim, their TV pictures shrink.

The real threat lies in the future.

The U.S. demand for energy is growing at such a rate—doubling every 15 years—that some officials already call it the nation's most basic economic problem. "A crisis," says Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton, "Endemic and incurable," says John A. Carver Jr., vice chairman of the Federal Power Commission. "Sabotage power and you sabotage the future," warns M. Frederik Smith, a business consultant to the Rockefeller family.

Americans want more gasoline to turn the wheels of their 83 million cars, more kerosene to thrust their jet fleets faster, more coal to fire the boilers of industry, more natural gas to heat their homes in winter, more electricity to cool them in summer. The U.S. now burns up the equivalent of 1.9 billion tons of fossil fuel every year (30% of the world's consumption) but produces only 1.7 billion tons—and the gap is widening. It must import the rest. Says S. David Freeman, former energy expert for Presidents Johnson and Nixon: "Our rates of consumption are so large that we can see the bottom of the barrel."

How big is that barrel? Not all the figures are reliable, but experts view it this way:

OIL: In 1970, the U.S. consumed 710 million tons (30% of world consumption), or 15 million bbl. a day. By 1980 it will demand between 20 and 25 million bbl., but U.S. production, now around 10 million, will rise to only 11 million from presently known reserves. In addition, Alaska could provide 2,000,000 bbl. per day if the currently planned (and hotly contested) pipeline is built; newly found offshore deposits could swell output if environmental objections can be met. Even so, industry



CLAES OLDENBURG VIEW OF POWER

sources predict that there will be a gap, and to fill it, the U.S. will have to lower its import quotas and buy more oil from Canada, South America, North Africa and the Middle East. Possible cost: about \$15 to \$20 billion a year, a vast drain on the balance of payments. Aside from cost, foreign supplies are uncertain. Other people like the Europeans and the Japanese want their share too. Already, eleven major oil-producing countries have banded together to bargain for better terms: not only higher prices but more local participation. Last week, Iraq's governing Revolutionary Council, in a dispute over production quotas, announced the nationalization of the London-based and partly American-owned Iraq Petroleum Co., which provides about 10% of Middle East output. Political disputes bring added risks. Says Colorado Representative Wayne Aspinall, chairman of the House Interior Committee: "I am truly frightened by the potential conflict between pro-Israel sentiment in this country and our increasing reliance on Arab oil. I believe the U.S. is about to be caught in a Middle Eastern power play."

NATURAL GAS: The U.S. consumed 22.1 trillion cu. ft. last year (49% of the world's consumption). Proven domestic reserves are down to 247 trillion cu. ft. (from a high of 289 trillion in 1967). Though there is probably a lot more gas to be found in the U.S. and offshore, exploration costs are high, and drillers often have to go two or three miles under the surface to reach new supplies. U.S. gas companies say they cannot even fill current requirements at officially regulated rates, and three major companies have negotiated to buy \$10 billion worth of gas from Algeria between now and 1997.

COAL: The U.S. in 1970 burned 530 million tons of its most abundant fuel

THE NIGHT EVERYTHING STOPPED: MANHATTAN SKYLINE DURING 1965 BLACKOUT



ENVIRONMENT

(known reserves: 2 trillion tons). But coal is also the dirtiest fuel (processes for scrubbing out pollutants will add to costs), and industry leaders argue that they must rely on strip mining, the greatest destroyer of the American countryside. To use other means to get the 254 million tons that were stripped from the earth in 1970 would have cost, they say, an extra \$500 million in wages.

Is there a real prospect that the world will run out of its standard fuel resources? Yes, eventually. How much time remains? Nobody can tell for certain, but many specialists cite the figures of M. King Hubbert, a geophysicist with the U.S. Geological Survey, who predicts that 90% of all oil and gas will be gone by 2035, about 90% of all coal by 2300. Before that doomsday comes, most experts believe, technology can provide alternate sources of power, notably through nuclear energy. In the meantime, however, fuel supplies are already becoming scarcer, harder to dig out and thus more expensive. The focal point of this energy crisis—the point at which demand is growing fastest and threatening most immediately to out-strip available supplies—is in electric power, which is largely derived from fossil fuels (oil, coal and gas).

Less than a century has passed since Thomas Edison first opened his Pearl Street Station to supply 85 New Yorkers with incandescent light. By 1920 the U.S. was producing 40 billion kw-h of electricity. Today it takes 25% of all its fossil fuels (plus some fissionable uranium) and produces 1.6 quadrillion kw-h, or 34% of the world's output. The largest share of this power (40%) goes to industry; the rest is split mostly between commercial (22%) and residential (34%) uses.

Electric power is a marvelous, inexpensive household genie. But it causes violent and lasting disruption elsewhere. Oil spills at sea, strip mining of coal on land, acid mine drainage into water supplies—these are some of the hazards of extracting fuels from the earth. When the fuel is burned, it is done wastefully; the average plant converts only 35% of fuel into power, and the rest disappears in the form of smoke and heat. The process is dirty. According to Government statistics, electric power plants account for half the sulfur oxides and significant amounts of the nitrogen oxides and soot that contaminate the air.

"Energy demands and environmental goals are on a collision course," says Energy Expert Freeman. "We've got plenty of energy for the present. What we're running out of is clean energy." To the dismay of electrical-utility executives, the new environmental laws, added to the older state and local regulations, now require considerable paper work before utilities can even start the new plants they say they must build to prevent future blackouts. The Duke Power Co., for example, recently complained that it had to get 67 different licenses and permits before it could start the Keowee-Toxaway project in South Carolina. Even when the bureaucracy seems willing to provide licenses, environmentalist groups have started suing to stop plant construction, particularly in densely settled areas of the Northeast, the upper Middle West and Southern California. The Sierra Club's Richard Lahn calls it "guerrilla theater."

The drama usually centers on two problems:

WHERE TO BUILD A PLANT. "In days gone by," says Charles Luce, chairman of New York's Consolidated Edison Co., "communities used to welcome us to get the increase in real estate taxes. Now they don't."

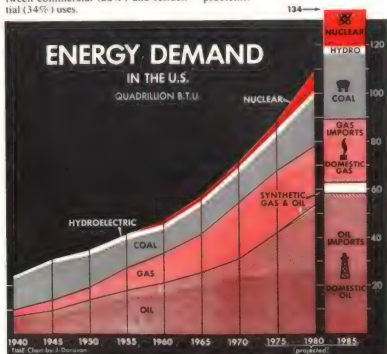
Some power companies have sought refuge in the wilderness. A group of 23 Southwestern utilities, for instance, joined in the early 1960s to build a complex of at least six tremendous coal-fired generating stations in a remote and sparsely populated region near the junction of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Colorado. They hoped that cheap coal in the Four Corners area would make up for the cost of long transmission lines to Los Angeles, San Diego, Phoenix and other cities.

But the remoteness of the site did not save the companies from attack. Despite some expensive pollution-abatement equipment, the first two plants to go into operation have been spewing some 1,000 tons of noxious gases and soot per day into the once pellucid desert air. The plants also gulp precious water from the already heavily drained Colorado River system, which supplies most of the arid Southwest. In addition, huge machines have been strip mining 25,000 tons of coal per day from the area, gashing open the Hopi and Navajo Indians' sacred Black Mesa plateau in New Mexico. The project thus poses some hard questions: Is it fair to drain the resources of one region to satisfy the demands of faraway cities? Is pollution any more acceptable if it is inflicted on politically powerless minorities? Or on some of America's wide-open spaces?

HOW TO REDUCE POLLUTION. All power pollutes, but not equally. In one recent survey of 129 major electric plants, the Council on Economic Priorities found that most utilities have been slow to install proven antipollution devices even though they are readily available. The main reason, of course, is a concern over higher costs when rates are regulated.

Consider thermal pollution, which occurs when electric plants take water to cool steam-filled condensers and then return it, 10° or 20° hotter. On such little-known battlefields as Calvert Cliffs, Md., Turkey Point, Fla., Palisades, Mich., and Dresden, Ill., environmental and government bodies combined to force the utilities to build some expensive systems (artificial lakes, huge fan towers) to cool their plants' discharges.

Perhaps the most notable fight against the polluting effects of power plants occurred in Minneapolis and St. Paul, where citizens heard that the Northern States Power Co.'s nuclear plant upstream on the Mississippi would leak traces of low-level radioactive wastes into their drinking waters. Thousands of mothers and children marched on the N.S.P. offices, customers sent the utility dimes "for cleaning up," and bumper stickers said, "NUCLEAR IS PENNY CHEAP FROM N.S.P. The utility



To Dad,

This little bottle's here to say
you've made me what I am today.

Your stories of bankers, your stories
of kings, your stories of conglomerates,
they taught me things.

So today I'm rich, today I'm wiser.
But as this gift shows, Dad,
I'm not a miser.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD



SMOKE POURS OUT OF COAL-BURNING FOUR CORNERS PLANT IN NEW MEXICO
There is no refuge, even in the wilderness.

subsequently installed filters and other devices to minimize the hazard. The company also set up a "task force" of 40 private citizens to join in planning for future plant construction.

However understandable such environmental crusades may be, and however remiss the utilities may seem in retrospect, the battles hamper power production at the very time of the growing shortage. Under the Clean Air Act of 1970, the utilities will have to meet tough air-quality standards by 1975, and the cost of those standards will help to triple the price of electricity by 1990. Nonetheless, the Federal Power Commission predicts that the utilities must build about 300 new power plants generating 910 million kw. to meet the anticipated needs of 1990. The expected cost: \$500 billion.

Surveying their problems, the utilities have drawn one inescapable conclusion: they are "going nuclear." The building costs are huge, but operating costs are low, and an adequate U.S. supply of enriched uranium fuel is assured. The Atomic Energy Commission has al-

ready approved plans for 51 plants, now being built, and 61 more that are ready for construction. Nuclear power today provides only 2% of U.S. needs, but it may well supply more than 50% by 1990. Here too, however, environmental problems are restricting expansion.

So far, numerous lawsuits have blocked nuclear construction, for many Americans still have a visceral fear of an accidental atomic explosion (which is impossible) or of what Alaska Senator Mike Gravel calls "the ultimate pollutant"—lethal, long-lived radiation.

Partly in response to such fears, the AEC has insisted on extensive safety precautions. Before the Portland General Electric Co. could start building its Trojan reactor on the Columbia River, for example, it had to choose a site that would remain safe during an almost inconceivable catastrophe: the simultaneous bursting of the Grand Coulee Dam upstream plus the largest natural flood that had occurred in the area during 10,000 years.

Skeptics, including many distinguished scientists, remain unconvinced

that every precaution has been taken. During a reactor's operation, the worst possible contingency is the uncontrolled melting of its nuclear core. To preclude such an occurrence, which the AEC calls "the maximum credible accident," the core is continually bathed in cooling water; the AEC even requires an emergency set of pipes and valves to continue supplying the water if one set is severed. Unfortunately, simulated tests by the AEC itself have shown that the reserve pipes, the "emergency core cooling system" (ECCS), may also fail. What would happen if the cooling system breaks down? M.I.T. Nuclear Physicist Hugh Kendall paints a lurid picture. The nuclear core would become a molten mass, so hot that it could melt through anything guarding it. Subsequent steam explosions could rupture the outer container, releasing a cloud of radioactivity about two miles wide and 60 miles long. Much of the population in that area would be dead within two weeks.

Kendall and other critical scientists are quick to add that there is very little chance of such a catastrophe actually happening, but even the bare possibility makes them oppose going ahead with the nuclear program until the cooling problem is totally solved. Conceding the point, the AEC is holding open hearings on nuclear safety in Bethesda, Md. In the meantime, it has allowed only one new nuclear plant to go into operation in the past 17 months.

Breeders. Despite the unknown risks, the Government and the utilities are clearly betting on nuclear power for decades to come, and Congress last month voted to give the builders of nuclear plants an 18-month exemption from having to make environmental reports on the plants' effects. Looking ahead, President Nixon has committed the U.S. to developing a new and still untried generation of nuclear reactors, now receiving the bulk of the U.S. energy research budget (\$260 million). Nixon told Congress last year: "Our best hope today for meeting the nation's growing demand for clean energy lies with the fast-breeder reactor."

The fast breeder seems to be a miraculous machine indeed. It produces slightly more fuel than it consumes, thus extending fuel supplies for centuries. It wastes less heat energy than any other kind of power plant available today, and it seems technically feasible (though the biggest prototype partially melted in 1966). The AEC aims to have a \$500 million demonstration plant operating by 1980, probably in the Tennessee Valley Authority's network. Says AEC Chairman James Schlesinger, who took over the agency a year ago: "If we don't have breeder technology in the 1990s, the regrets could be very great in-

*The original fuel (fissionable uranium 235 or plutonium) is surrounded by a "blanket" of non-fissionable uranium 238, which absorbs neutrons from the chain reaction in the core. These neutrons transmute the U-238 in the blanket into plutonium, which can fuel another breeder.

DOMES SHIELD NUCLEAR REACTORS IN POWER COMPLEX NEAR PEEKSKILL ON THE HUDSON





Dodge has quietly grown into one of America's most rewarding cars.

There are many reasons why a man decides to indulge himself and his family in a more satisfying form of transportation. For more room, Monaco is one of the roomiest and most comfortable cars on the road regardless of price. For quiet and stability on the move. A unique Torsion-Quiet suspension system designed originally for a cost-no-object luxury car is now standard equipment on Dodge Monaco. For strength and security around his family. Monaco offers the reassurance of solid, all-welded Unibody construction. For dependable operation. A heritage Dodge has enjoyed since the first model rolled off the assembly line. Monaco has been quite conservatively priced to put these desirable characteristics within the reach of more people. Monaco, from Dodge.

It's an easy decision to make.

Dodge. Depend on it.



Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos—specially softened for milder taste.



Capture all the fun with an Anscomatic Super 8 Movie Camera like the one she's holding. You can get it for free Raleigh coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

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OFFER OF B&W RALEIGH COUPON

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RALEIGH

RALEIGH

RALEIGH

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

©1972 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

deed." But he admits that there are still "uncertainties" to be worked out.

"The breeder is a monster," says David Comey, environmental director for Chicago's Businessmen in the Public Interest. Nuclear Pioneer George Weil agrees, calling the breeder concept "dangerous and unproved." Some objections focus on the use of liquid sodium (a tricky substance that explodes on contact with water and burns in air) as a cooling medium. Others concern the fuel, plutonium, the basic ingredient of the hydrogen bomb and one of the deadliest substances known. Finally, the critics wonder how to get rid of radioactive wastes from any nuclear reactor, some of which remain lethal for 500,000 years. At present, the AEC plans to store them in large concrete containers at an as yet unspecified location. Then they must be watched (and watched). "We are committing future generations," reported a British commission last month, "to a problem that we do not know how to handle."

Given the drawbacks to each type of energy, scientists, politicians and conservationists are all seeking alternative sources for the power needed in the next century. Some possibilities:

FUSION. The ideal solution is to reproduce the sun's own process of joining atomic nuclei to produce clean, safe energy. The process, which also powers the hydrogen bomb, releases so much energy, and the hydrogen used as fuel is so abundant in sea water, that fusion could fill the world's electricity needs for millions of years. But the practical difficulties of confining nuclear particles in "bottles" of magnetic energy (at temperatures approaching 60 million degrees F.) are such that most experts do not foresee fusion working before 1990 at the earliest.

THE EARTH'S HEAT. Pacific Gas & Electric Co. operates the U.S.'s only geothermal plant, at the Geysers in California's Sonoma Valley. There, the engineers capture sulfurous, superheated steam hissing from natural vents and drilled wells in the earth's surface and use it to drive turbines. There is some question whether such techniques would work where there are no natural vents. The Los Alamos National Laboratory is now trying to exploit the dry, hot (600° F.) granite that underlies most of the earth. Scientists plan to sink two holes 15,000 ft. deep, then pump cold water down one well and let hot steam flow up the other. If successful, the dry-rock system might provide, says one scientist, "all the electricity America will need for the next 3,000 years."

SUNSHINE. Theoretically, the sun's energy ought to be usable, but no one is sure how best to collect sunshine and transform it into power. In answer, Aden and Marjorie Meinel of the University of Arizona have proposed a "solar farm" that would cover 5,500 sq. mi. of desert with rows of black steel bands. These would absorb the sun's heat and send it to large storage "bat-

teries" of molten salt, which would power turbine generators. Cost of building a 3,000-kw. demonstration plant: \$10 million. Despite the amount of land that such projects would take, most scientists agree that, given research funds, solar power will be economical and efficient in the not-too-distant future.

OTHERS. Windmills have long provided limited power in the flat, open countryside, and the wind's force could also be tapped from tall towers anywhere. The big problem, again, is how to store the energy from this variable source. Other proven possibilities include harnessing the oceans' tides (a limited possibility at best), burning garbage as a low-grade fuel and, strangest of all, combining animal manure and carbon monoxide under heat and pressure to produce oil. Government researchers reckon that they can get three barrels of oil from every ton of manure, but the costs of collecting the stuff and hauling it to a plant may prove prohibitive.

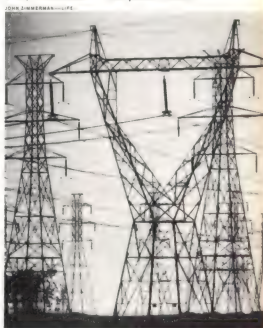
"We should be spending \$2 billion a year on research into the alternatives, not \$600 million," says Energy Consultant Freeman. "We're going into the future with only one arrow for our bow, the breeder. If it doesn't work out, we'll face a real crisis." Actually, the utilities have already proposed various surcharges that would raise some \$400 million a year entirely for future research.

Russell Train, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, believes that the U.S. can at least start lessening its energy problem right now by reducing waste. "We must shift our thinking from simply finding more energy sources to concerning ourselves with how to use energy more efficiently," he says. With better technology, most appliances can be made to consume less power and throw off less heat. The common light bulb uses only 10% of the electricity it burns, for example, and refrigerators can easily be produced to use 50% less power. More important, there is plenty of room for improvement in methods of generating and transmitting electricity. One remedy is an advanced but until recently neglected system with the awesome name of magnetohydrodynamics. MHD can produce electricity directly from the high-velocity flow of hot, ionized gases, with 60% efficiency instead of the present 35%. Similarly, superconductive, supercold (-320° F.) power lines can cut transmission losses. Though both technologies are costly, they would yield much more power per unit of fuel with less pollution.

The basic problem, though, is the soaring increase in future demand, which must somehow be slowed. Some utilities are already shifting their advertising campaigns from consumption to conservation of electricity. The rate-setting state power commissions might stop favoring large consumers, who claim the traditional discounts for bulk buying. (In Virginia, for example, the average industrial user pays 1¢ per kw-h

for buying in bulk, the residential user pays 2¢, and the very small user, i.e., the poor, pays 3¢.) If the price of power must equal its costs, including the costs of environmental cleanup, then it seems reasonable that everyone pay equally.

Simply increasing the price of power could be expected eventually to reduce consumption. But even that straightforward tactic raises a difficult question. Since energy consumption and pollution have long been an element of the nation's prosperity, can we now conserve and clean up only by making life more expensive for everybody, including the poor? "Any effort to find a solution to the power crisis is certain to engage, at the deepest level, the nation's concept of social justice," says Biologist Barry Commoner. "The power crisis,



TRANSMISSION TOWERS IN NEW YORK
Everyone wants more.

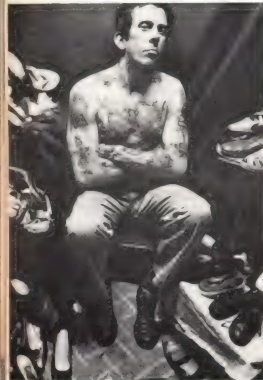
like every other environmental issue, is not an escape from the responsibilities of social justice. It is, rather, a new way of perceiving them."

In response, however, the conservationist argument is that the public hardly benefits from office lights that burn all night, from the sealed glass buildings whose overworked air conditioners heat up the streets, or from the trash heaps that could be recycled into new products. Commoner, for one, estimates that a number of relatively simple changes like improved insulation in private homes, or the use of more steel and less aluminum in new cars, would make it possible to reduce present energy consumption by one-third.

These may seem like sacrifices to those who have become habituated to waste, but they are small sacrifices when, as Maurice Chevalier said of old age, "you consider the alternative."



H.C. WESTERMANN

EDWARD PASCHKE
LEON GOLUB

Midwestern Eccentrics

In the middle 1960s, New York critics were apt to brandish the lordly assumption that everything painted west of Manhattan was provincial and therefore insignificant. It had not been dipped in the rolling Jordan of "the mainstream." When the work of California artists refuted this, the position shifted: now there was a New York-Los Angeles axis, but everywhere else a vacuum. An exhibition is currently on view at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art that attacks this generalization too. "Chicago Imagist Art," a grab bag of work by 28 painters and sculptors, moves to the New York Cultural Center on June 27. It is a messy and often backward show, but it does trace the growth of a resolutely independent attitude to paint, metal and wood and what images can be made from them.

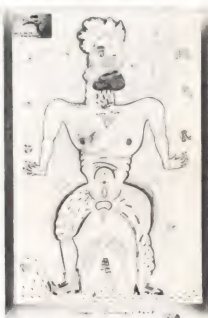
In one sense it is misleading to speak of a Chicago School, for many of the better artists in the show—including Leon Golub, H.C. Westermann and James Nutt—left the Midwest years ago. "Chicago has long been a wholesale supplier of talent to New York," writes Art Critic Franz Schulze, in a brashly readable introduction to the group, entitled "Fantastic Images: Chicago Art Since 1945." He continues: "Younger artists who might have grown powerful enough to launch a clear-cut Chicago-related school or movement have never stayed here long enough... to do so." But those who remained embraced their provincial situation with a kind of fierce pride in the city's hog-butcher materialism. Says Theodore Halkin: "I stay here because of the indifference, not in spite of it. I was never confused about my own idiosyncratic behavior. It's the only thing I've got, for God's sake. Why should I lose it in the turmoil of acceptance in New York? Who am I then?"

Thesaurus. The show reflects—and is chosen to emphasize—a certain unity of temperament among its members. The artists display a nearly absolute disregard for the canons and lessons of "classical" modern art. "Maybe it's a perversion, or an alienation, or a toughness," says Painter George Cohen. "or maybe we're just losers. But there is a reluctance to do something just because it's right." Indeed, as the show repeatedly proves, Chicagoans take more pleasure in doing things that are "wrong": scrambled, left-footed, irretrievably vulgar, offensive in subject matter.

Anti-taste is still an attitude; one can sustain it well or badly. A lot of the work shown here, from Seymour Chwast's clumsy paintings to more overtly "aesthetic" objects like Don Baum's lumpen-surrealist assemblages of dolls' limbs or Cosmo Campoli's inert trib-

utes to Brancusi, is a wretched thesaurus of clichés. But subtract them and a deposit of vitality remains.

Not all of it is funk. But all its drive is imagistic, rather than formal: the debate between form and content, a dead issue for years in Manhattan, still goes on in Chicago. Leon Golub, 49, who is in some ways a father figure to Chicago artists, is entirely preoccupied with the human body. His male nudes, gigantic as marble warriors from a ruined Hellenistic pediment, are quite unclassical despite their constant references to antiquity. The surfaces of trunk and limb are gouged, broken and battered, the act of painting the human image becomes an assault. Rhetorical



JAMES NUTT'S "DANDY LANDING BART"

defects plague his work. But its aim—which is to use the human figure as a unique metaphor for a sense of crisis and cultural exhaustion—is large; and at their best, as in *Burnt Man IV*, 1961, Golub's stiff monsters become monuments of scar tissue, celebrating man's minimal function: to survive.

H.C. Westermann's images are radically different. They are both limpid and mysterious, and this is largely the result of Westermann's loving attention to craft. He manipulates his repertory of boxes, laminations, dovetails, locks, hinges and clamps with unerring finesse. The effect—as in the absurd log-cabin toy tower that rises, with a metal swan flapping from its crenelations, inside the box called *Battle of Little Jack's Creek*, 1970—is to convince you of the utter reality, the solid presence, of a completely surreal world, pinned and glued at all its joints and present in all its

H.C. Westermann: "Battle of Little Jack's Creek," 1970



Gladys Nilsson: "Baroquen Oats," 1971



DE LEEU DESIGN



June Leaf: "Woman-Theater," 1968



Edward Paschke: "Amor," 1970



Leon Golub: "Burnt Man IV," 1961

Kerig Pope: "Two Infants Observing Nature," 1962





JUNE LEAF

Exuberantly gross.

contradictions. He is a folkish artist (the varnished pine boards he uses, and the rigor of their joinery, are virtually illustrations of the American grain). From his constructions emanates a wild, laconic humor that is the obverse of puritan sensibility. But the environment that Westermann's images suggest has also to do with rootlessness: carnival sideshows—he was at one time a professional acrobat—and the miniature theater of penny arcades.

It is on the ground of transience, of irrational shiftlessness, that Wester-

mann's work has its affinities to that of other artists in the Chicago show. But their work is blacker, nastier and—in contrast to his demonic refinement—exuberantly gross. A work like June Leaf's *Ascension of Pig Lady*, of which *Woman-Theater*, 1968, is a detail, is as nearly without formal interest as a work of art can be. Lush, coarse and obscenely theatrical, it makes Red Grooms look like Mondrian. Gladys Nilsson's punningly titled *Baroque Out* (broken oars? baroque notes?) is a joyful orgy of animal, or at least four-legged, shapes, tumbling over and around one another: the debt to late Dubuffet is obvious, but the sense of an all-American *Walpurgisnacht* is Nilsson's own.

Perversity. With two other painters, Edward Paschke and Jim Nutt, this imagery of possession enters a horrific level of sour humor. Nutt is the more playful. His drawing appears to derive equally from Dick Tracy strips (the thin, grotesque, saber-edged line) and back-of-the-comic ads for hemorrhoid cures. The result is a mildly purgative vulgarity, harsh and sexy and comic all at once—a visual equivalent to the kind of sub-Burroughs imagery one gets in some Rolling Stones lyrics. Says Nutt: "I don't know what you mean by 'vulgar.' My women are dream women."

Paschke's figures, on the other hand, are repulsively actual. Remarks Critic Schulze: "he projects his motifs, like emasculated wrestlers and deformed

mutants, in order to engage and stun his audience, not to edify it." This is, if anything, an understatement. Paschke's art is cold as a fish and, in its handling and sleazy color, twice as slimy. But its sheer perversity of style—which extends even to such innocuous images of gaudy Latin American show biz as *Amor*, 1970—sticks in the mind (and the craw) like a hook.

Beside Paschke, relatively straightforward Chicago surrealists like Kerig Pope seem serenely traditional. Pope's *Two Infants Observing Nature*, 1962, with its odd transformations of vegetable, flower and cornucopia into a glossy wonderland of Popsicle colors, is a confectioner's version of vintage Max Ernst. It could serve as a visual text to Pope's views on Chicago's painting and his own: "The thing that interests us and delights us is the strangeness of the world, its surprises and mysteries, the impossibility of explaining it. I don't go along with science when it looks for ironclad explanations of phenomena. Likewise I resent the counterpart notion in art, that it is a problem-solving activity, that it has only one great direction—the 'mainstream'—which moves with a sort of line, Vatican logic. Much good art, the art that interests me, veers away from any center, and does nothing but explore the perpetual strangeness of the world. It is eccentric, and that's what I think Chicago artists are, even more than surrealists."

■ Robert Hughes

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. John Spencer-Churchill, 46, distant cousin of the late Sir Winston and the eleventh Duke of Marlborough; and Countess Rosita Douglas, 26, a Swedish fashion designer; he for the third time, she for the first; in London, on May 20.

Married. Melvin Belli, 64, flamboyant "King of Torts" with a knack for courtroom theatrics and attracting headlines; and Lia Triff, 23, University of Maryland coed; he for the fifth time, she for the first; in Sonoma, Calif.

Died. Violette Leduc, 65, French novelist, best known for her candid autobiography, *La Bâtarde* (The Bastard); of cancer; in Faucon, France. The unlabeled, illegitimate daughter of a housemaid, Leduc was a black marketeer during World War II; later she was encouraged in a literary career by Jean-Paul Sartre, Jean Genet and Simone de Beauvoir. Leduc's first novels attracted only limited attention; *La Bâtarde*, with its explicit accounts of her gnawing loneliness and bisexual experimentation, brought her notoriety and financial success in 1964.

Died. Theodore L. Bates, 70, advertising man whose early, innovative use of television commercials helped build

his agency into the world's fourth largest (1971 billings: \$425 million); of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Educated at Andover and Yale, Ted Bates himself was soft-spoken and shunned publicity. But the firm that he created in 1940 was known as a master of hard-sell—and successful—ads. While his hyperbole on behalf of products (shaving cream that could seemingly soften sandpaper or bread that "builds strong bodies twelve ways") was sometimes attacked, the Bates approach was widely imitated by competitors. Active in the Advertising Council, he defended the ad business against critics who "really don't understand advertising" and distrust "the entire free enterprise system."

Died. Morris ("Moe") Berg, 70, superintendant of big league baseball; in Belleville, N.J. After graduating from Princeton with honors in 1923, Berg signed on for a summer with the Brooklyn Dodgers to finance a trip to Europe. Despite his mediocre bat (.243 lifetime average), he stayed in the game for 19 years, the last seven as catcher and coach for the Boston Red Sox. In the off-season he also became fluent in ten languages, studied at the Sorbonne, and picked up a law degree at Columbia University. Berg quit baseball in 1942 and served as an OSS agent in Nazi-oc-

cupied Europe, where he gathered information on Germany's nuclear weapons research.

Died. Dr. Walter J. Freeman, 76, psychiatrist and neurologist who pioneered the use of prefrontal and transorbital lobotomies as a treatment for severe mental illness; of cancer; in San Francisco. In 1936 Freeman performed the first lobotomy in the U.S. by severing the nerves from the frontal lobes of a patient's brain. An ardent and vocal champion of the controversial procedure, he once supervised or performed 238 operations over a two-week period. Because lobotomies are irreversible and leave some patients in a vegetable-like condition, the treatment was gradually abandoned during the '50s.

Died. Jasper ("Jap") Deeter, 78, actor, director and founder of the Hedgerow Theater in Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa.; of complications following a broken hip; in Media, Pa. A friend of Eugene O'Neill's, Deeter abandoned a career on Broadway in 1923 and set up the Hedgerow Theater in a vacant mill. Before Deeter retired as its director in 1956, Hedgerow had established itself as a training ground for such future stars as Van Heflin, Libby Holman and Richard Baschert.



FORD'S PEOPLE MOVER: ROLLING ON ALUMINUM TRACK (LEFT) & CARRYING SIGHTSEERS AT TRANSPO 72 EXHIBITION

MODERN LIVING

The People Movers

All of the new U.S. superjets were there: Lockheed's L-1011, the McDonnell-Douglas DC-10 and Boeing's giant 747 freighter. Overhead, jet fighters of the U.S. Air Force's Thunderbirds, the Navy's Blue Angels and the R.A.F.'s Red Arrows performed dramatic aerial acrobatics. But the real stars last week at Transpo 72, the \$10 million Department of Transportation show at Dulles International Airport near Washington, were little vehicles that will never leave the ground: the Personal Rapid Transit systems, or PRTs.

Designed to shuttle passengers quickly and efficiently around crowded metropolitan areas, airports, university campuses and large shopping centers, the electrically powered "people movers" have no operators or conductors, move along fixed routes under the control of a computer, and do not pollute the air. PRT passengers enter a station, push a call button and are picked up within a few minutes. By pressing an appropriate button aboard the vehicle, they can make a swift nonstop trip to another station of their choice. Says William Magruder, the President's special consultant on technology: "Think of the system as a horizontal elevator."

Five different PRT prototypes were on display on the 300-acre exposition

ground, representing a total investment to date of \$45 million by private industry and another \$12 million by the Transportation Department.

► The Ford Motor Co. system consists of 24-passenger vehicles that move on ground-level aluminum guideways and are controlled by a computer that not only tells them where to go next but also knows their exact locations at all times and keeps them safely separated. Theoretically, Ford says, the computer makes it possible to leave as little as two-second intervals between cars operating at 30 m.p.h. Last week the company announced that it would install its first PRT system in Dearborn, Mich. The two-mile loop will connect Ford's headquarters with another office complex, a shopping center and a hotel. Later, Ford intends to install a larger system in a 32-acre redevelopment tract in downtown Detroit.

► The Boeing system, also wheeled and computer-operated along guideways, will use 21-passenger cars and is already being installed in Morgantown, W. Va. When the 33-mile circuit is opened for full operation late in 1973, it will connect the downtown area with three campuses of West Virginia University. Riders will be whisked along at 35 m.p.h. and will have to wait no longer than 21 minutes at any of twelve stations. Guideways can be warmed by cir-

culating hot water to keep them free of snow and ice during winter.

► The Dashaveyor-Bendix system uses 31-passenger rubber-tired vehicles that run at 40 m.p.h. in a concrete trough (small, horizontal guide wheels prevent the car from rubbing against the walls). A single line, Bendix says, would have a capacity of 10,000 persons per hour.

► The Rohr-Monocab uses six-passenger vehicles suspended on an overhead rail. It can operate at 30 m.p.h. and, like its wheeled competitors, is computer-controlled and on call at all times.

► The Transportation Technology-Otis system uses six-to-ten-passenger Hovair vehicles that float on a cushion of air between them and a trackway. The blast of air that keeps the vehicles suspended is produced by electric engines, but the cars are pulled along by electromagnets that are embedded in a third rail in the track and controlled by a computer.

The operatorless PRTs will sharply reduce payrolls, which amount to 60% to 70% of the operating costs of traditional transportation systems. But they leave one mass-transportation problem unsolved: Who collects the fares? The Department of Transportation is still working out a method, but is leaning toward a magnetically coded pass card that, inserted in a slot, will allow a passenger through a turnstile at the same time that his name is forwarded to a computer for later billing.

ENGINEER DEMONSTRATING COMPUTER-CONTROLLED HOVAIR PRT



ROHR-MONOCAB ON OVERHEAD RAIL





The three great Ronricos.
You need never make an ordinary rum drink again.

RONRICO DAIQUIRI: 1 tsp. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lime juice (or daiquiri mix), $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Ronrico White Label Rum. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.
 RONRICO ON THE ROCKS: Pour 2 ozs. Ronrico Gold Label over ice, garnish with twist of lemon or slice of lime. RONRICO DIABLO AZUL: 2 ozs. orange juice,
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Ronrico White Label, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Leroux Crème de Noyaux; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Leroux Brandy. Mix—pour over cracked ice. Add float of Ronrico 151. Garnish.
 © 1972 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC

CINEMA

Historical Primer

MALCOLM X

Produced by ARNOLD PERL and
MARVIN WORTH

This biography of Malcolm X, the implacable crusader for black dignity, is presented under the auspices of Warner Bros. The prominently billed participation of Malcolm's widow, Betty Shabazz, is reassuring, but for Warner Bros. to make a documentary about Malcolm X seems about as likely as for the D.A.R. to sponsor the Peking Ballet. That the film should come from such a source is the first surprise. The second is that it is good—a fair forum for Malcolm's fundamental ideas and an exceptional visual chronicle of how those ideas took shape.

The early part of Malcolm's life—his boyhood in Lansing, Mich., his youth in Harlem pushing and pimping, his seven years in prison—is told in excellent, highly evocative stock footage, accompanied by passages from Malcolm's autobiography quietly and effectively read by James Earl Jones.

The most fascinating part of the film, however, shows Malcolm's development from star preacher for Elijah Muhammad to independent political

figure. The transformation is told in newsreel footage that still holds the power to singe the conscience. We see Malcolm on street corners, fervently laying down the Black Muslim gospel of mumbo-jumbo racism, castigating the "palefaces" and "white devils" and attracting the angriest, most disaffected of blacks with his unyielding insistence on racial pride. Then we watch a rift develop between Malcolm and Elijah, a break that began with Malcolm as part of his political growth.

In several charming touristy scenes that look as if they were taken from his widow's home movies, we are shown Malcolm on his 1964 pilgrimage to Mecca, a trip that would cause him to revise his feelings about separatism and the supposed inherent evil of white people. Now Malcolm, having entirely broken with Elijah, maintained that "there are only good and bad human beings." Soon after, at age 39, he would die in a Harlem mosque, the victim of assassination.

The documentary assigns no blame for the slaying, although it suggests that the Black Muslims, furious over Malcolm's turn against them and threatened by it, were somehow responsible. But at the time most blacks were reluctant to blame the Muslims, James Farmer



MALCOLM X AFTER MECCA (1964)
Away from mumbo jumbo.

talks angrily about Malcolm's approaching the State Department with some sort of special information—the implication being that Malcolm was killed because he knew too much, though by whom or about what is never stated.

On the streets of Harlem, in anguished interviews filmed right after Malcolm's death, it was Whitey who was held responsible, in some way, in any way. No one was ready to believe that a prophet might have been killed by his own people.

■ Jay Cocks

Mercurys ride better. We couldn't say it

We tested Mercury's ride against some of the world's most expensive luxury cars. And beat them. Then we put Mercury's ride to some even tougher tests. Each time we came up a winner.

What makes Mercurys ride better? The way we make them. To get a better ride, you've got to build a better car. It's that simple. Mercurys are built better to ride better.

Better idea for safety: buckle up!



The Personal Size Mercury Montego MX Brougham

Mandarin Morality

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE
Directed by GORDON DAVIDSON
Screenplay by DANIEL BERRIGAN and
SAUL LEVITT

Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J. (played by Ed Flanders) addresses the court, reading from a poem of his own composition: "We have chosen to say, with the gift of our freedom, that the violence stops here, the death stops here, the suppression of truth stops here, this war stops here."

The eight other defendants look at each other and smile, smiles that convey much of what is wrong with this film of *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*. They are smug smiles, full of condescension and unchecked theatrical egotism. The movie is extracted virtually as a piece from Father Berrigan's play, which was in turn a dramatization of his 1968 trial for burning draft records. There Berrigan, his brother Philip and seven other defendants tried to reverse the guilt and put the whole Viet Nam War on trial. But the characters in the film seem to be acting less from deep moral imperative than at the behest of a shared mandarin morality.

One by one the nine defendants relate to judge and jury and audience the separate political histories that led them to this common act of resistance. We listen, waiting to be moved, but we begin



FLANDERS IN "CATONSVILLE"
"The death stops here."

instead to notice that the defendants (or the actors playing them) are showing not courage so much as arrogance. They come before us flashing their spirituality like a driver's license.

Resentment grows deeper because we begin to feel cheated, not permitted to empathize with the characters, or even understand them, because they remain so immaculately aloof. This is partly the fault of Director Gordon Davidson, who has used his original company from the theater without having them scale down their acting for the

screen. Peter Strauss's reserved and affecting Thomas Lewis is an exception, as is Flanders' creditable Daniel Berrigan. Almost everyone else—most irritatingly Douglass Watson as Philip Berrigan—plays for the rafters. Haskell Wexler's superb photography, however, effectively challenges the visual restrictions of a transposed stage play.

Despite all its faults, there is no doubt that the film was made as an act of political conscience. It was produced, in fact, by Gregory Peck, who financed it entirely out of his own pocket. All the sadder, then, that *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is so misconceived. **■ J.C.**

Dubious Battle

THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN
Directed by MELVILLE SHAVELSON
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON
and DANNY ARNOLD

According to the credits, *The War Between Men and Women* was "suggested by the writings and drawings of James Thurber." Peter Wilson, the hero of the movie, resembles Thurber in that he is half blind and a cartoonist; Wilson's drawings, shown in several sequences of the film, are closely adapted from Thurber's own. But there ends any meaningful connection in plot or spirit to the life of the late cartoonist.

Portrayed by Jack Lemmon, Wilson is a hifalut Manhattan bachelor just en-

if we couldn't prove it.



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CINEMA

tering middle age. When we first encounter him, in fact, he is lying in bed mouthing halfhearted paeans on the joys of bachelorhood to the world at large. In the time-honored tradition of bachelors who gloat early in a show, Wilson is soon he posting the banns—somewhere in the second reel, in fact. His intended is one Terry Kozlenko (Barbara Harris), who supports three children and a yapping mongrel on alimony checks. Once wed, Wilson is beset by miseries. His stepchildren are a mess. The boy is prey to countless nighttime fears, the younger of the two daughters stammers, and the older displays unmistakable signs of nymphomania. Terry's ex-husband (Jason Robards) visits disruptively. The dog snarls.

As the hero's life worsens, so do his eyes. Scorning pity—and grateful to get



HARRIS & LEMMON IN "WAR"
Suggested by Thurber.

out of the house—Wilson enters the hospital for an operation that checks his oncoming blindness but leaves him only barely sighted, though able to draw. His first opus after the operation is an anti-war parable, actually Thurber's *The Last Flower*, which the film makers have seen fit to animate. When Wilson's young stepdaughter visits him one day and sees the cartoon, her stammer is cured. Reconciliation with Terry cannot be far behind.

Having reduced Thurber to a myopic misanthrope and the plot to a sentimental muddle, Director Shavelson gets better acting than he deserves. The cast makes a brave fight of it, and there is an especially fine and funny cameo by Herb Edelman, who plays Wilson's agent. While Wilson and wife war with each other over the impending operation, the agent sits with them at a restaurant table, blubbering and sobbing "the courage, the devotion," oblivious to the fact that the marriage is crumbling around him. ■ J.C.

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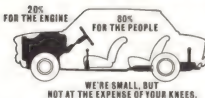
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Fiat 128 is shorter outside than a VW Beetle, it's bigger inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass and has a 13 cu. ft. trunk. In fact, 80% of the car's space is devoted to you and your luggage.

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Baptists Besieged

Chto za Drugu my imeyem?
Nus On k zhizni prubuil.

The Russian words were unfamiliar, but the tune the congregation sang was well known to the famous American guest: *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*. After his Moscow summit talks, President Nixon made a bit more history by attending services in the capital city's only major Baptist church. More than 1,000 worshipers, mostly blue-collar workers, crammed into the hall, and not only because Nixon was on hand. The church is packed every Sunday at each of three lengthy, enthusiastic services. On this occasion the brief sermon by Ilya Ivanov, chairman of the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians and Baptists, was based on Paul's words in *Galatians* 5: 22: "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace."

The mood and motif of the service gave no hint of the difficult situation of Baptists in the Soviet Union, many of whom are victims of government repression that is as bad as the better-publicized plight of Soviet Jews and dissident intellectuals. More than 500 believers have been jailed. Under the continuing pressure a deep schism has opened in their own ranks.

The Baptists and the similar Evangelical Christians, who collectively number at least 3,000,000* gained a foothold in Russia a century ago, when Western proselytizers converted pious Christians who were dissatisfied with

the Orthodox Church. These groups have since spread all across the Soviet Union, drawing mainly farmers and laborers. Like Baptists in Western Europe and the U.S., they do not baptize infants but immerse persons who decide individually to become Christians. They enjoy biblical preaching and robust singing as much as they abhor drinking and smoking. They differ from Western Baptists by observing traditional church feast days like Trinity Sunday, the day on which President Nixon visited. More important, the All-Union Council uses district superintendents to supervise local churches and name pastors, while Baptist congregations in the West are autonomous.

Bar Children. The first Soviet constitution guaranteed freedom of religion. Though the government was officially atheist, the Baptists prospered more after the separation of church and state than they had under the Orthodox regimes of the czars. In 1929, however, Stalin cracked down with a stern, anti-religion law, part of which forbade religious education for anyone under 18.

During World War II, various evangelical groups formed the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians and Baptists in order to centralize and strengthen their movement. Since then the government, with which all churches must be registered, has usually refused or ignored applications from newly formed congregations. It has also shut down many existing churches even for minor infractions.

The first crack in the Baptist community appeared in 1960, after the All-Union Council, undoubtedly under government orders, sent a stringent *Letter*

of Instructions to district superintendents. The instructions barred children from attending services, and told pastors to discourage baptisms of persons under 30 and to avoid proselytizing. A furor ensued, particularly in outlying areas where believers thought the All-Union Council was already too compliant toward the government. Many churchmen also resented having no voice in selecting council leaders.

Action Group. A well-organized reform movement sprung up called the *Initiativniki* (Action Group). In 1965 the reformers formalized the schism by setting up their own church council. Leaders of the new council have been periodically arrested on charges ranging from holding illegal meetings to teaching their own children about Christianity, but the reformers have persisted. In 1966 they assembled 600 people from 130 towns for what was one of Moscow's biggest public protests since the Communists came to power. They began putting out several unauthorized periodicals. For the past 18 months they have even run their own clandestine publishing house, which has turned out 40,000 Bibles, hymnals and other religious literature. Last month 15 reformers staged a sit-in at the U.S. embassy to protest the demolition of their prayer hall in remote Central Asia. The reform movement is apparently flourishing, and has recruited young adherents. But it is impossible to estimate its size because its churches are largely unregistered.

Prospects are dim for either a healing of the schism or for government toleration of the reform movement. But the London School of Economics' Michael Bourdeaux, in his 1971 book *Faith on Trial in Russia*, maintains that the movement has given some leverage to the All-Union Council in its own, quieter struggle with the regime. One concession won by the council is that it is now allowed to run a correspondence course for pastors, the first formal Baptist education permitted since 1929.

Jews for Jesus

Big John, a barker outside a San Francisco flesh club called the Garden of Eden, handed out lurid postcards to Saturday-night strollers. Near by, a group of 13 Lev's-clad preachers picketed the club and passed out leaflets which read "Topless! Bottomless! Nothingness!" The picketers looked like typical Jesus freaks, except that four of them were wearing skullcaps and one carried a placard proclaiming "Jesus the Messiah Has Come."

The picketers, who called themselves "Jews for Jesus," are part of the growing, nationwide Jewish wing of the Jesus movement. Whether pamphleteering on the West Coast or professing their beliefs at a Reform temple in suburban New Jersey, the young Jewish Christians are increasingly conspicuous. Their number, while modest com-



SOVIET REFORM BAPTISTS HOLDING ILLEGAL SERVICE IN UKRAINE
 A sermon on joy, in difficult situation of repression.



JEWISH CHRISTIANS PICKETING OUTSIDE FLESH CLUB IN SAN FRANCISCO
Evangelistic fervor, along with a more Jewish feeling.

pared with the Jesus movement as a whole, is unprecedented among U.S. Jews. UCLA Campus Rabbi Shlomo Cunin estimates that young Jews are converting to Christianity at the rate of 6,000 to 7,000 a year. California Jewish Christian Evangelist Abe Schneider says he has noted more converts in the past nine months than in the previous 23 years combined.

Though Jewish Christians come from all ages and backgrounds, they are predominantly young spiritual refugees from secularized Jewish homes, liberal synagogues, the drug culture or radical politics. Their most controversial claim is that they are still Jews even though they now accept Jesus as the Messiah promised by the biblical prophets. Many reject the label "convert," and sometimes even "Christian," preferring to call themselves "Messianic" or "completed" Jews. While previous Jewish converts to Evangelicalism became assimilated tectotalers, today's young Jesus Jews often drink wine while observing the Jewish holidays, study Hebrew, and even attend synagogue. Most would agree with Vickie Kress, a New Yorker now attending Bible college in San Francisco: "I feel more Jewish now that I am a Christian."

The Bible is one of the chief lures to conversion. Since Jewish youth usually study it in Hebrew and neglect the prophets, Manhattan Rabbi Marc Tannenbaum describes Christian proselytizing of Jews as "Christian biblical illiteracy." Evangelicals often teach that the return of the Jews to Israel and the founding of a modern state there were foretold by the prophets, and that the 1967 capture of the Old City of Jerusalem began the fulfillment of Jesus' prediction in *Luke 21: 24-27* about his Second Coming.

Jewish Christians are nothing new, of course. A movement bumper sticker recalls that "Jesus Was Raised in a Kosher Home." The New Testament

church began with Jews—although they soon found themselves at odds both with the majority of their people, who refused to accept Jesus as the Messiah, and with Gentile Christians, who eschewed Jewish law. What is new about the Jesus Jews, besides their numbers, is the degree of their evangelistic fervor. In an attempt to echo that fervor, the long-established American Board of Missions to the Jews has run full-page newspaper ads crowing about the number of Jews "wearing that smile" nowadays! Last week New York Rabbi William Berkowitz took his own ad headed "Wipe That Smile Off," saying that there is such vast spiritual poverty among both Jews and Christians that each group should concentrate on missions to its own people.

Traditionally, Judaism has taken a stern view of persons who desert the Jewish community for another faith. Ruling on three cases of Christian conversion, the Massachusetts rabbinical court decreed in March that a Jew who "joins the so-called Hebrew-Christians movement" has "betrayed his people" and has no right to a Jewish marriage or burial. The American Jewish Committee last month sent community leaders a more moderate memo, supporting freedom of conscience but warning that the surge of Christian evangelism among Jews is becoming a major interreligious problem. West Coast militants, for their part, have been breaking up Jewish-Christian meetings.

Many Jews find a moral in the Jesus movement. The American Jewish Committee memo asked whether the conversions are not a "judgment" on Judaism's own lack of appeal to youth. One anxious rabbi in New Jersey plans to start teaching a Bible class. Rabbi Alexander Schindler, vice president of Reform Judaism's synagogue union, has concluded that liberal Western faiths have been "too hypernational. Our young people want a religion which sets the soul on fire."

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MEDICINE MAN PERFORMS CURING CEREMONIAL FOR NAVAJO WOMAN & HER CHILD

BEHAVIOR

Navajo Psychotherapy

"Witch doctors and psychiatrists are really one behind their exterior mask and pipe," says Psychiatrist E. Fuller Torrey of the National Institute of Mental Health. Most of his colleagues would not go that far, but some believe that witch doctors can help their emotionally troubled patients. That is why the institute is now providing scholarships for Navajo Indians studying "curing ceremonials" under the tutelage of tribal medicine men on the federal reservation at Rough Rock, Ariz.

The aid program was conceived by the Indians and encouraged by Psychiatrist Robert Bergman of the Indian Health Service. Without it the Navajo medicine man might die out, because potential students need to work at paying jobs and have no time for training. Describing the program at a recent meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, Bergman explained that the ceremonials are based on a belief that disease is "caused by disharmony with the universe, including the universe of other men." To restore harmony, a medicine man or "singer" conducts a traditional "chantway," leading the ailing victim, his relatives and friends in a ritual of speeches and dancing.

The singer intones a long text and creates several beautiful "sand paintings" by arranging patterns of pollen, meal, crushed flowers and charcoal on a canvas of sand or buckskin. He directs the patient to sit on each painting while he conducts a ceremonial treatment, and then the paintings—and presumably the sick man's problems—are destroyed section by section.

Most traditional scientists look on such ceremonials as merely quaint performances that have no significant ef-

fect. But Bergman has long disagreed. He was particularly impressed six years ago when he met a Navajo medicine man named Thomas Largewhiskers, who had apparently cured a psychotic Indian woman after a modern psychiatric hospital had failed to help her.

Though Bergman admits that he does not fully understand why Largewhiskers' methods work, he offers several possible reasons. For one thing, chantways are "almost always symbolically appropriate." Pathologically prolonged grief, for instance, is "treated with a ceremony that removes the influence of the dead and turns the patient's attention back toward life."

Besides, says Bergman, Navajo medicine has much in common with psychoanalysis. Both have an "ordered method of establishing intense, helpful relationships" between doctor and patient. And both are based on a belief that much behavior is shaped by unconscious processes. "There is a part of the mind that we don't really know about," Largewhiskers told Bergman. "That part is the most important in whether we become sick or remain well."

To Dad from Allan

*Summer in the West when
everything is quiet
And clear, with everything
beautiful and green.
With wild flowers of all colors,
and a small water creek,
And a beautiful blue sky. And
the trees are very still.
Sometimes a small breeze.*

The author of these lines is Allan Schenkein, a 39-year-old with an IQ of less than 75 and one of 150,000 Americans who suffer from mongolism or

Down's syndrome, a common form of severe retardation (TIME, May 8). Mongoloids are born with 47 chromosomes instead of the normal 46, usually have slanting eyes and small heads, and never grow very tall. Until recently, they were almost invariably put away in institutions, where they languished as near vegetables. What is different about Allan and a growing number of other mongoloids is that they have been lovingly nurtured at home. As a result, many—provided their IQs are not too low—have learned to lead happy and productive lives.

In the current issue of the *Exceptional Parent*, Allan's father, William Schenkein, writes a tribute to his son. Patiently, Schenkein and his wife Selma taught him to feed, dress and look after himself and sent him to special day schools where he learned the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. Now Allan travels alone by public bus to a simple job doing light factory work in a Denver agency for the retarded. More important, he has become a "sturdy, happy, friendly, cooperative person with a good sense of humor, good manners and a good sense of responsibility."

Another talent emerged when he was 35. Spontaneously, his father says, "Allan astonished us with some creative writing." Though "it is not prose, not poetry," it is always expressive. Recently, for example, he composed a greeting:

*To Dad on his 70th birthday
from Allan*

In it he observes: "Happy the day when everything is going right . . . Sometimes the day is nice. When they need you time ticks away . . . Time is now that reaches your 70th birthday. That it will be a time of your life and it will be always a happy birthday."

Of Allan's new ability to express his thoughts, the elder Schenkein says: "He loves it. It is another pleasure that he has in life."

ALLAN SCHENKEIN WITH PARENTS



THE THEATER

All Is Human

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

by JOHN GAY

Here they all are: the rogues, doxies, gin swillers, pickpockets and highwaymen of 18th century London, singing, swaggering and skylarking their way across the stage like an animated Hogarth engraving. "All is human," one of the characters says, and it is the swirling tide of recognizable humanity that has kept this play-with-music so buoyantly alive for almost 250 years.

In *The Threepenny Opera*, Bertolt Brecht refined the characters that Gay created, while Kurt Weill provided a



WIDDOWS, JEROME & SOKOL IN "OPERA"
Animated Hogarth.

tart and tangy score that is one of the marvels of the musical theater. The juice of art and life, however, flows richly enough through the original *Beggar's Opera*. The dominant motif—Gay's as well as Brecht's—is that money is thicker than blood. By now, the characters are classic, and they all live up to their names: Peachum (Gordon Cornwell), the informer and fence; Lockit (Ralston Hill), the venal jailer of Newgate; and MacHeath (Timothy Jerome), the saucy highwayman who can down a wench as quickly as a cup of sack. As two of the ladies of his choice, Polly Peachum (Kathleen Widdoes) and Lucy Lockit (Marilyn Sokol) are erotic sprites.

This is an amusing, thoroughly relaxing evening at Manhattan's McAlpin Rooftop Theater. Special praise should go to the venturesome Chelsea Theater Center, which originated this production at the Brooklyn Academy of Music along with Jean Genet's *The Screens*, recent winner of the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for best foreign play of the year.

■ T.E. Kalem



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TAXES

The Sock-It-to-Them Drive

WHATEVER their political persuasion, economists say almost to a man that a federal tax increase will be needed next year to pay for Government projects already in the works. Scarcely a politician can afford to agree—publicly. Too many voters seem fed up with the present tax system, convinced that what is needed is not a rise in their own taxes, but a plugging of loopholes that allow the rich to avoid a good part of their rightful obligation. Thus any general tax increase levied in the next couple of years will probably

wants to force a thorough congressional review of the laws.

Congress has stacked so many preferential tax options on top of one another that only a few economists and accountants understand the whole. Sweeping as it is, the Mills-Mansfield program would probably result in merely a different mix of such provisions rather than a new tax system.

By contrast, an expanding nucleus of other Democrats is demanding reform measures that would force high-income individuals and corporations to pay substantially greater taxes no matter how many avoidance schemes they might legally devise. The reformers' movement has centered on a bill drafted by Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson and cosponsored by eleven other Democratic Senators, including Presidential hopefuls George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey. On his own, as part of a massive plan to distribute more of the nation's wealth to those with incomes of less than \$12,000 annually, McGovern has proposed reforms that would sock it even harder to high earners. Humphrey has optimistically promised to come up with his special reform plan within 90 days after winning the presidency. There is a common thrust to the Democrats' main points:

PERSONAL TAXES. In an astute political move, McGovern decided to bypass the myriad special-interest groups that have influenced previous tax-reform bills and simply propose a minimum tax of 75% of the statutory rates on all incomes over \$50,000. The Nelson bill sets the minimum at 50% of the posted tax rate on income exceeding \$12,000. Under McGovern's plan, for example, a taxpayer with an income of \$150,000 could take advantage of all legal tax maneuvers on the first \$50,000; but on the other \$100,000, he would be liable for three-quarters of the posted tax rate (which is 50% or more). Estimated tax yield: \$6 billion annually (McGovern), \$3 billion (Nelson).

The advantage of McGovern's plan lies in its simplicity. It would allow wealthy individuals to continue getting some tax break, albeit a smaller one, by giving large sums of money to charity, say, or buying tax-free municipal bonds. But no one could avoid all federal taxes—as some millionaires do now—by funneling all his income for a given year into tax-free investments and gifts.

INHERITANCE TAXES. Both candidates would clobber the rich, heavily taxing inherited wealth. The tax-on-wealth idea is strongly supported by the young constituency that is the base of McGov-

ern's "new politics." McGovern would impose a 77% levy on all individual inheritances exceeding \$500,000 (at present, entire estates are taxed, and the maximum is 77% on \$10 million or more). McGovern originally favored a confiscatory 100% tax on inheritances over \$500,000 but backed off after receiving outraged mail from blue-collar workers "I don't know whether people still think they will win a lottery or what," he said. Estimated tax yield from McGovern's plan: \$5 billion annually.

CORPORATE TAXES. Neither Humphrey nor McGovern would alter the basic corporate tax rate (48%), but both would dismantle the elaborate business-incentive system that has grown up since 1960. Nelson's group would tax overseas subsidiaries of U.S. corpora-

DOX HESSE—ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT



"The wringer keeps turning."

be preceded by an overhaul of the present tax code—no matter what administration is in power.

Last week two powerful Democrats, House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, offered the latest in a growing number of tax-reform measures. If approved by Congress, their plan would require no fewer than 54 special tax preferences to be individually re-enacted by both Houses. The process would lead to a kind of annual debate on deadline. At the beginning of each of three successive years, starting in 1974, 18 of the preferences would automatically expire. These would range from widely criticized loopholes (such as the oil-depletion allowance) to favorite Middle American tax breaks (deductions for home-mortgage interest payments and property taxes) to hardship benefits (double exemptions for the blind and the elderly). Mills does not favor dropping all 54 provisions; he just

tions and knock out the recently approved accelerated depreciation and export-building dise (for Domestic International Sales Corp.) programs. McGovern, in addition to all that, would eliminate the 7% investment tax credit. In effect, McGovern's plan would wipe out every corporate tax benefit granted since 1960 and raise effective corporate taxes by nearly 40%—or a whopping \$13 billion a year. He argues that complementary programs in his platform, including \$10 billion in public works to create jobs, would compensate for the businessman's reduced tax incentive to invest in new factories and equipment. But most businessmen are unconvinced.

There is a case for some kind of corporate tax increase. Since 1960, largely because of new legal write-offs for capital investments, the portion of gross corporate profits paid in taxes has fallen from 30% to 22%. On the other hand, many individuals profited along with the corporations. The business-



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THE ECONOMY

priming incentives of the Kennedy-Johnson administrations helped produce the longest period of economic growth in the nation's history, from 1961 to 1969. Regardless of its long-term effects, McGovern's proposed increase in corporate taxes would run the risk of impeding the current recovery and aggravating unemployment. By canceling the investment tax credit for the second time in three years, it would label that and other expansionary tax provisions as unreliable faucets, to be turned on and off at political will.

Despite some egregious loopholes, federal taxes have not only remained fairly progressive over the years but have also served some admirable social goals. The real issue raised by the debate over tax reform is whether there is a method more efficient than tax incentives for achieving those goals. In effect, the Democrats would provide direct subsidies in place of such incentives, much like the centrally managed economies in Western Europe.

Considering the bruised state in which previous tax-reform measures have emerged after a trip through Washington's crowded lobbies, it is difficult to believe that anything less than a mandate for wholesale change will lead to truly equitable taxes. No matter how far-reaching the changes might be under a new Administration, they would still not perform the miracle that candidates sometimes lead voters to expect. The entire federal "take" under McGovern's anti-loophole raid on personal incomes over \$50,000, for example, would meet only about a third of the federal deficit expected in fiscal 1975, unless federal spending is reduced. Thus one great danger of a prolonged campaign quarrel over tax reform aimed at a relative few is that it may obscure the more important question of whether the nation is willing to accept a necessary higher tax rate.

PRICES

Still on the Rise

The nation's economy is swiftly gaining strength and should continue to expand well into 1973, but the double devils of unemployment and inflation also remain discouragingly strong. The jobless rate in May held at a high 5.9% for the third straight month. More surprisingly, the wholesale price index shot up last month at an annual rate of some 6%, threatening uncomfortable retail rises later on. Wholesale food prices rose sharply after dropping for two months; beef on the hoof hit an alltime high. Industrial commodity prices, which are at the heart of the Phase II control program, showed no sign of dropping. Herbert Stein, President Nixon's chief economic adviser, concluded that no changes are yet necessary in the controls, but he also added: "We need them rigorously applied."

Plugging Loopholes: "More Virtue Than Revenue"

Why are Democratic presidential candidates rushing to call for tax reform? According to Democrat Arthur Okun, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Johnson, they are responding to the voters' rising resentment against the present inequality of income distribution. This preoccupation with "fair shares," Okun says, is as much the result of the recent recession as an honest concern about fairness. But he fears the divisive effect of too much emphasis on tax reform and income redistribution during the election. He explained his concern at a recent meeting of TIME's Board of Economists:

THE Government's job is to get people to pull together and to allocate the burdens so that everyone pulls his own weight. What we are hearing at the moment is a lot more concern about a conflicting consideration—that everybody gets fair shares.

I cannot remember anything comparable. Probably you have to go back to 1932 to find as divisive an atmosphere. A lot of centrifugal forces are at work in our society. The ethnic ones, women's rights, youth rights, the Viet Nam War—all the concerns about polarization. Within the economic field, perhaps, the slowing of growth in the past couple of years has been particularly important. When we have an expanding economy, it really alleviates social frictions. People get something out of the economy, and they are not envious of everybody else. Now, because they have not been doing so well in recent years, they are sure somebody else has been getting away with murder. They have a feeling that "I got the short end of the stick. Somebody must have got the long end." The fact is that a slack economy has two short ends of the stick.

There is a cost in politicizing wage-price decisions as we have done. Instead of getting mad at their landlord when their rent goes up, people now get mad at the President. Somehow the Government has put itself in a position of saying, "We are going to protect you." There is a feeling that Uncle Sam is standing there making sure the pie is going to be sliced properly.

In the tax area, what has happened in the past year is a prescription for waking up the American public. You could not have done a better job if you tried to put tax reform on Page One every day. You had a tax program last August that was really loaded toward business. The numbers make it clear that it was the biggest business tax cut in American history, with very little for the consumer. Then you had a trial balloon on a value-added tax, which would have been a federal sales tax on the con-

sumer. That trial balloon went up like a lead balloon. The income tax withholding goof has further compounded the feeling of confusion, because people were told they were getting a tax cut; then they found that they had smaller take-home pay.

The person who did most to turn fair shares into a big issue is Richard Nixon and not George McGovern. What concerns me is that I think the Democrats are exploiting this more than is socially appropriate. When candidates throw around big tax packages, they are really talking about the redistribution of income rather than tax reform. But there would be a lot more payoff for everybody in pulling together to get a solid, noninflationary expansion of the economy.

It is also important to recognize that the present income tax structure is pro-

RICHARD WILEY



gressive, that it does have some favorable redistributive effects. I think that some of our tax preferences for the rich are an unmitigated outrage. But the payoff for eliminating them is more virtue than revenue. Of course, virtue is important. The real reason for wanting to get rid of these horrendous outrages is not to save money for the guy in the \$15,000 income bracket, but rather to come to him and say, "You ought to pay your share. Everybody else is paying his share." It is really justification for getting him to pay more.

I think the real problem is this: if a pitch is made in a political campaign to sock it to the economic royalists, that helps undermine the cooperative basis of society. In this sense the redistribution pitch is counterproductive. In terms of our whole social atmosphere, the last thing this country needs is a class war being waged from the campaign podiums this fall. But it looks very likely that this is going to happen.

Remember when the only new electric trains



San Francisco

The Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) the first all-new transit system built in the U.S. in 60 years, is scheduled to begin operations this year. This fully electric computerized 75-mile system will serve three counties and over 2.5 million people. Studies for its expansion into a 400-mile system, covering six additional counties, are already under way.

Pittsburgh

More than 250,000 passengers have tried out this city's 2-mile electric Transit Expressway demonstration project. They traveled in computer-controlled rubber-tire vehicles locked to a central guide beam on the roadway. Work has begun on a 10.5-mile track. This transit Expressway is just part of a proposed \$228.5 million county-wide rapid transit system that includes busways and renovated streetcar lines.

Philadelphia

City officials have been flocking to study the 14.5-mile electric transit line now operating between Philadelphia and New Jersey suburbs across the Delaware River. It's called the Lindenwood Line and it's probably the fastest, most automated system in the U.S. today. The one-attendant trains make their runs in 22 minutes at speeds up to 75 mph. And daily patronage has almost doubled to 30,000 since operations began.

Baltimore

Phase 1 of the Baltimore Rapid Transit System calls for two lines, 28 miles of track, serving Northwest and South all the metropolitan area. An additional six lines are the long-range objective. Plans await federal and state funding. With early approval, Phase 1 could be operational by 1978.

Boston

Last year the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority opened the South Shore Extension—this new 6.25-mile electric rapid transit line already serves 22,000 riders each day in one of the states fastest growing regions.

Chicago

Extending its electric rapid transit system out farther from the city, Chicago built the Dan Ryan line on an expressway median strip. It extends 9.5 miles south and serves about 100,000 riders per workday. The new Kennedy Line is a 5-mile extension of the West Northwest route and carries some 60,000 passengers daily.

And 8,000 suburbanites to the north ride the "Sequoia Swift" on 5 miles of rehabilitated track to connect with the city transit system.

went from father to son at Christmastime?



Now they're beginning to take the wraps off the real thing again.

Our harried urban areas are making tracks for electric mass-transit as a means of moving their growing millions out of nerve-bending bumper-to-bumper traffic.

Some cities are revamping deteriorated systems, others have built or are building new systems, and still others are in the planning and serious talking stages.

There's a whole lot of moving going on in the field of electric mass-transit. And any way you look at it, it means a lot of electric power to keep it rolling. A single 15-mile commuter line can use as much electricity as 5,000 homes.

Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste.

New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies:

* For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.

Cleveland

This city took an existing 7-mile electric transit line running out of downtown Cleveland, and extended it 4 miles to Hopkins International Airport. Other cities are studying it in the light of their own airport transportation problems.

Tampa

At Tampa International Airport you can ride a very unique form of electric mass transit. Here rubber-tire transit cars, running on concrete tracks, carry passengers from parking lots to the terminal or from one loading gate to another in a matter of minutes.

Dallas-Fort Worth

Plans for the 16,500-acre Dallas-Fort Worth Regional Airport, now under construction, call for an electric transit system designed to move people from their cars to the terminals and from one terminal to another. Over 12 miles of track will be laid initially, with a 40-mile system the ultimate objective. The first of four terminals is expected to open next year.

Washington

Work has begun on a 98-mile electric mass transit system (METRO) to serve the District of Columbia and suburbs in Maryland and Virginia. The initial phase is expected to be in operation in 1974. Completion of the almost \$1-billion system is projected for 1979.

Atlanta

The Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA) plans to build a 56-mile electric mass transit system which, together with 14 exclusive busways, would cost an estimated \$1.4 billion.

New York

Here work is going ahead to extend existing subway lines and construction of the all-new Second Ave. subway has started. But it's an electric train that runs out of the city to Washington, D.C. that has received the most notice. The Metroliner. Airline-like, self-propelled cars that zip to the capital at up to 150 mph. Last year 1,625,068 rode the line.

And more

From Milwaukee, Denver, Seattle, St. Louis, and Miami to San Jose—and yes, even Los Angeles—city planners and officials are looking to some form of electric mass transit for the future. The electric train is being rediscovered in a big way.

Getting to Worland, Wyoming isn't easy. Renting a car there is.

Way out west beside the banks of the
Bighorn River, about midway between
Basin and Thermopolis, is a place called
National Car Rental.

It's there because Worland is there.
And the people who find their way to
Worland need cars.

Just as the people who come to our

rental counters in Waukesha and Wycoff
and Wayzata need cars.

You see, all roads don't just lead to New
York and Chicago and L.A.

So why should we rent cars just in New

York and Chicago and L.A. and the like?

When you've got more new G.M. cars
than anyone else in the world, you don't mind
going out of your way for customers.

To reserve a fine new car at any of our
2400 worldwide locations call 800-328-4567
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we thank you with S&H Green Stamps.†



Take advantage of us.



ONE OF THE LARGER HOLIDAY INNS IN JACKSONVILLE BEACH, FLA.



FAMILIAR SIGN AT OUTPOST IN MOROCCO

BUSINESS

TRAVEL/COVER STORY

Rapid Rise of the Host with the Most

LET'S stop right-cheer," drawled the sandy-haired American speeding in a car along a bumpy highway outside São Paulo, Brazil. What had caught his darting blue eyes was a sign on an open lot proclaiming *Vendo-Se*. "That means 'for sale'—and those are the only words I understand in this language," the American explained. Then he bounded out of the car and swiftly paced off the dimensions of the property, rattling a staccato of questions to a tag-along group of aides: "Who is the owner? What's the tax rate? How many cars go by here?" After several minutes of inspection and interrogation, he hopped back into the car and called out impatiently: "Well, let's get going. Daylight is running out, and you can't look at land in the dark."

Charles Kemmons Wilson, 59, founder and chairman of Holiday Inns, Inc., was doing what he likes best: scouting new locations for the world's largest and fastest-growing lodging chain. Wherever he may be—paddling down the Amazon in a canoe, riding along the Riviera in a Mercedes or poring over maps in his computer-crammed headquarters at Memphis—Kemmons Wilson is always seeking new sites. "Looking for land," he says, "is like going on an Easter egg hunt, and sometimes you find the golden egg."

Wilson has been finding so many of them lately that he seems to have a patent on the golden goose. On the average, a new Holiday Inn is opened every three days—or one new room every 36 minutes. Already Wilson has 1,405 inns in 50 states and 20 foreign countries or territories. The inns are a catalyst and

a reflection of the age of mass travel: last year alone they served 72 million guests. The Holiday Inn sign, a 43-ft.-tall tower in screaming green, orange and yellow, is almost inescapable on American highways, and it is well on its way to becoming a Pop symbol of U.S. enterprise abroad.

Spreading round the world, Holiday Inns have opened in places as varied as Greece and Swaziland, Switzerland and Hong Kong, Morocco and Nassau. Last month the company opened an eleven-story inn in Monte Carlo. On his Brazil trip, Wilson closed deals to build six inns, with local investors putting up most of the capital in return for Holiday Inns' name and know-how. Over the next five years, Holiday Inns will build seven outlets in Israel alone, some of them in kibbutzim.

Putting Up the Dog. Capitalist Wilson is also moving into Communist countries. He has licensed Intertower, a joint venture of Cyrus Eaton Jr. and Occidental Petroleum, to put up 36 inns in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia; in most cases, the governments will own the inns. Encouraged by the talk of expanded East-West trade that surrounded the Nixon-Brezhnev summit, Wilson plans to travel to Moscow, probably in July, to sound out authorities about putting up motels in the Soviet Union. Says William Stratton, a Holiday Inns franchise director: "We haven't got to Antarctica yet, but who knows."

Indeed, few corporations dominate their industries the way that Holiday Inns dominates the fast growing business of lodging. Its success has lured a

host of imitators into the motor-inn field: Howard Johnson's, ITT Sheraton, Marriott. Despite this competition, Holiday Inns has more than four times as many rooms as its closest rival in the hotel or motel field, Ramada Inns (see chart, page 81). Right now Wilson's company counts 208,939 rooms, with a total of more than 300,000 double beds.

Holiday Inns has ridden out front by offering a host of new services that Wilson devised to lure more and more travelers. Wilson's company was the first national chain to put up children at no cost when they share a room with parents, the first to offer free cribs for babies, as well as free TV sets and telephones in every room, a swimming pool at every motel and a kennel for traveling dogs. It was also the first to place ice machines and soft-drink machines in hallways, thus sparing the traveler the cost of room service. Today every Holiday Inn has a local doctor and dentist on call to treat guests at almost any hour. The chain even employs a full-time chaplain, the Rev. W.A. ("Dub") Nance, a Methodist. Among other things, he oversees a nationwide network of clergymen who volunteer spiritual counseling for guests at 820 inns; this group claims to have talked about 235 people out of committing suicide.

The company also lures traveling groups by welcoming them in big, bold letters on the marquee that adorns the towering sign at almost every Holiday Inn: WELCOME CHEROKEE ELKS and similar greetings have become familiar sights. Says Wilson, who has a natural flair for crowd-pleasing showmanship: "People love to see their names on a

BUSINESS

billboard. Hell, they even come out and take pictures of it." Often the signs carry catchy, outrageously corny messages taken from a company book of sayings:

WE WORK FAST AND ACCURATE

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY
IS CUTTING UP TONIGHT

KIL ROY WAS HERE,
WHY DON'T YOU STOP TOO?

Wilson has built this empire in only 20 years, having started out with little more than an idea. A risk-taking entrepreneur in the age of prudent professional managers, he is a visible refutation of the common belief that a self-made man can no longer pile up great wealth in the modern, highly developed capitalist economy. Now Wilson has a personal fortune estimated to exceed \$200 million. Three years ago, the *Sunday Times* of London listed him among the 1,000 most important men of the 20th century, along with Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt.

This accolade came to Wilson because he practically created the modern motor-inn industry. He has transformed the motel from the old wayside fleabag into the most popular home away from home. Until 1952, when he founded Holiday Inns, most motels were of the "no tell" variety, generally shabby and faintly disreputable places that catered mainly to casual lovers and transient salesmen. Wilson was among the first to foresee that the fast post-World War II rise in U.S. personal income would lead to a rapid expansion in both business and leisure travel. He also sensed that people on the move would prefer to stay in lodges that offered, in addition to a place to park their car, a standardized level of cleanliness, comfort and food at moderate prices. (In 1971, the average price for a room in a Holiday Inn was \$15.06, v. \$16.60 for motels nationally and \$20.33 for leading hotels.)

Today, largely standardized motor hotels are proliferating, but many traditional hotels in large and medium-sized cities are scratching for business. Hurt not only by the new competition from motor hotels but also by rising crime and declining business activity in downtown areas, many city hotels are all but empty on weekends. Their average occupancy rate has shriveled from about 80% two decades ago to 63%, which is below the break-even point for many large hotels. There are profitable exceptions, particularly in New York City and Chicago; Manhattan's 2,153-room New York Hilton and the 2,000-room Americana are often sold out.

For the most part, however, urban hoteliers have had to fight a rearguard action by offering free parking, snack bars and other appurtenances of motor inns. Motel owners have retaliated by adding nightclubs, saunas and *hutte*

cuisine (of sorts). As a result, the difference between motels and hotels is blurring. In general, motels have more self-service, more attractions for auto travelers and families, and lower prices.

Though the recession cut into the profits of most motel chains in the past couple of years, the lodging business is now surging in the midst of a sharp economic rise. An alltime high of 123.5 million Americans will hit the road on overnight trips this year. Meanwhile, a record 14.7 million foreign visitors will travel to the U.S. Every night, close to 200,000 of these travelers will stay in Holiday Inns.

For 1972, Wilson's company aims to raise its occupancy rate to 75%, up from 68% last year. During this year's first quarter, occupancy was up by three percentage points. In Europe, the company's bookings are running three times as high as last year. At that rate, Holiday Inns should have little trouble topping last year's after-tax earnings of \$42 million on revenues of \$708 million. This total greatly understates all the money that is spent in Holiday Inns. The parent company owns about one-

just got to use your brains." Like many visionaries, he takes an uncomplicated view of the world that leaves little room for doubt. "When you get an idea," he says, "you've got to think of a reason for doing it, not of a reason for not doing it."

At work, Wilson runs mostly a one-man show, insisting on the last word in most major decisions and many small ones. For example, he can quickly thumb down a motel site proposed to him by an aide after weeks of study because "I don't like the smell of it." But he will listen to almost anyone with an idea and has been known to strike a deal with "some good old boy" without even discussing it with other high company officers. When he found the price of marble in Brazil to his liking, he made a snap decision to use some of it in his new inns there, calling to an aide: "Buy—that's my language." Says Wilson:

CLAUDIA RODRIGUEZ



HUNTING FOR LAND IN SAO PAULO



CLOWNING WITH SWAZILAND INN WORKERS

fifth of the motels in the chain and gets all their revenues. Beyond that, it collects royalties from the rest of the motels, which are the property of franchisees, many of whom have become millionaires.

The originator and chief executive of the chain is a bluff, zesty man who believes absolutely in the company motto that is imprinted on the necktie that he wears: "It's a wonderful world." Kemmons Wilson likes to make points with maxims. One favorite: "The only people who don't have problems are the people who don't do anything." A high school dropout, he is also fond of remarking with put-on bad grammar: "When you ain't got no education, you



ALFRED CHAMBERS



KERMONS WILSON SNACKING IN MEMPHIS



"I've been accused of lots of things, but never indecision."

Wilson generally sleeps about five hours a night and fortifies himself with catnaps the rest of the time; at a dinner party a few weeks ago he dropped off for two full minutes while still holding his fork. His main diversion is tennis, and he plays as often as he can at home or on business trips round the world. "Just call me an international tennis player," he quips. Despite an old leg injury, which has left him with a slight limp, he plays a strong, fast game and above all loves to win.

For all his wealth, Wilson remains determinedly middle class in his values, tastes and habits. He drives a \$2,100 Japanese-made Suburu, a stubby, yellow compact car; typically, he owns the Suburu distributorship in ten Southern and Southwestern states. His taste in food is to *haute cuisine* what motel design is to Renaissance architecture. He greatly admires the kosher hot dogs sold by Nathan's Famous in New York City "because they snap

when you bite into 'em," and, with his deep interest in the inner workings of almost everything, he can easily discourse on the best way to put a natural casing on a frankfurter.

Wilson also savors blackly well-done steaks and hamburgers, as well as spaghetti. He favors expensive bourbon but violates it with Tab to kill the alcoholic flavor. "I couldn't drink whisky if I had to taste it," he says. He sloshes everything except dessert with Tabasco sauce and keeps a quart bottle of it on the lazy Susan in the dining room of his home. When traveling, Wilson saves time by ordering his apple pie first and



PLAYING HARD AT TENNIS

eating it while his steak is cooking. When in Memphis, he likes to take friends to the Little Pigs Barbecue, which has plastic-topped tables and a bathroom-tile floor.

Wilson has lived in the same house in the Red Acres section of East Memphis for the past 26 years. It is a comfortable but far from palatial six-bedroom ranch. Here he raised his five children, Spence, 29; Bob, 27; Kem Jr., 25; Betty, 24; Carole, 22. Wilson and his wife Dorothy, whom he married five days before Pearl Harbor in 1941, are openly affectionate; he likes to hold her hand in public or squeeze her knee when sitting beside her. He also talks over many of his big plans with her. A handsome, energetic woman, Mrs. Wilson was named Mother of the Year by the American Mothers Committee in 1970. Both Methodists, the Wilsons are regular churchgoers, though he occasionally nods off during a sermon.

Born in Osceola, Ark. (pop. 7,204), Wilson had a youth that was laced with adversity. His father died when he was nine months old, and his mother Ruby brought her infant to Memphis, where she took a job as a dental assistant at \$11 a week. An only child, Wilson idolized his mother, who died three years ago. When she lost her job during the Depression, Wilson, who had held part-time jobs almost since he could walk, quit high school and went to work for good. He bought a \$50 popcorn machine—nothing down, \$1 a week—and set up shop inside a Memphis theater. As he recalls: "I was soon making more than the theater manager, so he threw me out and took over the popcorn concession himself." Wilson sold him the machine in 1931 for the original \$50, then invested the money in five pinball machines. (He later bought the popper back, and it now stands in his office.) By 1933 he had saved \$1,700—all from nickels pumped into his machines—and used it to build a house. Soon after, Wilson was able to borrow \$6,500 on the house from a bank. "Right then," he says, "I decided to go into the building business."

Fateful Vacation. He went on to build more houses, buy apartments, acquire theaters and take over the regional Wurlitzer jukebox distributorship. By the time World War II hit, Wilson was rich. But he sold out everything for \$250,000, joined the Air Transport Command and piloted C-47s over the Himalayan hump, probably the hairiest air route of the war. After being mustered out, he bought an Orange Crush distributorship, but it soured, and he lost \$100,000. So he went back to construction and built a fortune of about \$1,000,000, all the while sharpening his skills in choosing real estate that had the potential for large increases in value.

In 1951 Wilson packed his family into a car and drove to Washington, D.C., for what turned out to be a fateful vacation. The family stayed in motels, but all were costly, cramped and uncomfortable. Wilson sensed a need for decent accommodations for the growing number of motorists and says that "as soon as I got back to Memphis, I decided to build a motel that had all the things we missed." The draftsman who designed it, Eddie Bluestein, scrawled a title across the bottom of the plans: Holiday Inns. He got the name from an old Bing Crosby movie that he had seen the night before.

Wilson borrowed \$300,000 from a bank, and in 1952 the first Holiday Inn opened on Summer Avenue, one of the main approach roads to Memphis. Business was so strong that within 20 months he built three almost identical inns on other roads leading into the city. "You just had to go by a Holiday Inn to get into Memphis," he says.

Restlessly, Wilson dreamed of building a national franchise chain of 400 motels. He turned for contacts and

MG. The sports car America loved first.



Right-hand drive, sweeping fenders, folding windscreen, cut-down doors and 19-inch wire wheels.

Room enough for two. And fun enough to breed a generation of sports car enthusiasts.

That was the MG-TC. Behind its wheel, thousands of Americans first discovered the joy of downshifting through a curve and the quickness of sports car handling.

Today that car has evolved to the MGB. Still pure sports car. Still most at home on twisting ribbons of almost forgotten scenic route where cars go to be driven, not scorched off the line in a brute display of acceleration.

As *Motor Trend* reported in October, '71—

"You can find them any day on any piece of twisting pike...leaving the bigger 'now' cars in their wake."

Yet today's MGB is equally at home on six-lane expressway. With direct rack-and-pinion steering, 10.5-inch front disc brakes, race-

seasoned suspension, 4-speed close-ratio gearbox and a high performance 1798 c.c. overhead valve engine—all the world is its road.

Even in the fiercely competitive world of racing, MGB excels in its class. It's the reigning SCCA National Champion in E Production.

MGB also sports reclining bucket seats, full carpeting, leather wrapped steering wheel, oil cooler and full sports car instrumentation including tachometer and trip odometer.

What about you? Do you want to discover or re-discover the sheer joy of sports motoring?

If so, scour the want ads for a vintage MG-TC. Or see an MGB at your MG dealer.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1972. In New Jersey, dial (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free.

credit help to a fellow Memphian, Walter Johnson, one of the country's biggest real estate developers and then a director of the National Association of Home Builders. Johnson became vice chairman of Holiday Inns, a job he still holds, and helped recruit franchisees from among his business friends all over the country. Wilson and Johnson sold the first franchise in Clarksdale, Miss., for \$500 and a flat fee of 5¢ per night for each occupied room. In return, the franchisee got Holiday Inns' plans and national advertising. Applications began to flow in, many from investment groups made up of doctors and dentists. Meanwhile, the start of the \$76 billion federal interstate highway-building program in 1956 gave a great lift to Holiday Inns and its rising competitors.

Franchise Deals. Today, Holiday Inns fields about 10,000 requests for franchises a year, but only 200 or so are granted, mostly to people who already own inns and are proven winners. The cost of land and construction is entirely financed by franchisees, who put up about a quarter to a third of the amount and borrow the rest from banks, insurance firms or mortgage companies. Lenders prefer prospective franchisees over independent owners because there is less risk of failure with a motel that is backed by the resources of a chain.

A typical 100-room motor inn in southern Illinois can cost up to \$1,100,000, of which the franchisee group puts up \$350,000 or less; on this it can expect an after-tax return of just over \$50,000—a handsome 15% or more on its investment. For such a motel, Holiday Inns charges an initial fee of \$15,000, plus royalties and fees of 6% on the annual gross. In return, the franchisee gets the marketing advantage of a household name, national advertising and a steady flow of customers provided by the chain-wide referral system. The massive Holiday reservations system at Memphis headquarters is the largest on-line civilian computer system in the world. Lines run from every Holiday Inn in the U.S. to two IBM 360 computers in Memphis, which keep tabs on every room in the system. In a few seconds, a guest at one inn can get confirmed reservations at other inns anywhere in the U.S. If one motel is full, a desk clerk can punch a few buttons on a panel and find out what openings are available at other Holiday Inns in the area.

To ensure the viability of each new franchise, Holiday Inns has a rigorous screening process. The company passes on all construction plans and runs a market test on each proposed site. These tests rate the flow and pattern of traffic, the surrounding road systems, the distance to airports, average income in the area, the potential for new business and the strength of competing motor inns near by. The price of land is critical because rising real estate and construction costs keep pressing room rates up. Wilson figures that the cost of land

should amount to no more than 10% of the total cost of a new motel. Thus if an inn costs \$1,000,000 to build and furnish, the price of the land on which it is constructed should not top \$100,000. One industry rule of thumb calls for charging the guests at least \$1 a night for every \$1,000 invested in a room. In practice, the formula would work this way: if a 100-room motel costs a total of \$1,100,000, the investment per room would amount to \$11,000, and the innkeeper would charge \$11 or more a night for it. In big cities, construction costs are climbing so fast that some hotels cost \$60,000 a room to build.

Holiday Inns has opened in many downtown areas, but it is unlikely to put up large numbers of new inns within cities at any price because crime and urban blight have frightened customers away. Says Wilson: "The day of the downtown motel is on its way out, except in cities like New York and Chicago." Airport motels are also in decline because owners have overbuilt near many airports and business is spread thin. In fact, motels have multiplied so thickly in the U.S. that there are few choice locations left, and that is one reason Holiday Inns is making a large expansion drive abroad.

Training Films. For now, Holiday Inns is no threat to the well-established overseas hotel chains like Trans World Airlines' Hilton International or Pan American Airways' Intercontinental, which are located mainly in major cities. Wilson is concentrating on smaller communities, where city fathers are eager to attract traveler-drawing motels and offer tax breaks and free land to get them. The European motel scene is wide open for an all-out marketing war. Local chains—including France's Novotels, Britain's Trust Houses Forte and Italy's AGIP—are all expanding. The toughest competition for Holiday Inns is likely to be Esso Motor Inns, owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey, which pioneered in American-style motels in Europe starting in Sweden in 1963. It is now the main chain in Scandinavia and has 47 inns throughout Western Europe. Esso caters mostly to businessmen

and tries to fit its services to local demands. For example, cafeterias are put in most Swedish inns because Swedes do not like to be served by waiters. In contrast, Holiday Inns intends to stick with the same standardized features in Europe that it offers at home.

Keeping this global enterprise running smoothly is an exquisite exercise in managing millions of minute details simultaneously—something like building an Eiffel Tower out of matchsticks, without glue. Success is measured in holding costs to a minimum while seeming to stint on nothing, and guaranteeing about the same level of service at all inns. The standards are maintained by 40 full-time investigators who make surprise calls at most inns four times a year. They check everything—swimming pool, restaurant, even the carpeting—according to a strict point system. If carpets are worn or dirty, for instance, the inspector takes off 30 points. Should the inn fail to get at least 850 points out of a possible total of 1,000, the manager is given a month to make things right. If a follow-up check finds no improvement, the manager is fired. In the case of a franchise, the contract is canceled, the motel can no longer call itself a Holiday Inn, and the sign and reservation system are removed. So far, more than 30 franchises have been voided.

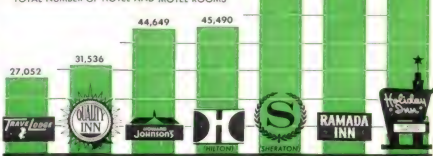
The key to efficiency is the performance of employees, notably the innkeepers. All managers, Americans or foreigners, must attend training courses in Memphis lasting up to three weeks. Along with classes in industrial insurance and reservation policy, the training stresses the Holiday Inn attitude—a mixture of homespun verities and relentless optimism wrapped in a kind of revivalist fervor. In September these classes will move from Memphis to the Holiday Inn University in nearby Olive Branch, Miss. The facility, complete with dormitories, classrooms and meeting halls, will be set in a landscaped 88-acre campus.

To improve productivity and profits, the company also produces and distributes to its inns more than 35 job-

208,939

LODGING LEADERS

TOTAL NUMBER OF HOTEL AND MOTEL ROOMS



Third Chart by J. Donaghy

BUSINESS

training film strips with titles like *Care and Control of Swimming Pools* and *A Race for Space*. One strip, titled *You Are the Star*, takes waitresses through the entire process of serving a meal properly. For new waitresses, there are also written instructions: "Bathe daily and use a good deodorant, use a hair net, clean and brush your teeth (watch out for halitosis)." A film strip called *Once Around* teaches chambermaids to make a bed in less than three minutes by stacking linens in the order that they are used and finishing one side of the bed at a time.

Sandwich Art. Food is an important revenue source at motels, and the payoff comes in making a little seem like a lot. Building sandwiches is an art: meat slices are piled in the center and fluffed up to give the illusion of thickness. Chicken Tetrazzini is known as a "stretchy dish" because, unlike chops or

standards for a grilled cheese sandwich:

INGREDIENT	PRICE
1 1/2 oz. American cheese	41¢
2 slices bread	3¢
1 oz. cooking oil	1¢
potato chips, pickle	5¢
TOTAL COST:	133¢
SELLING PRICE:	
low	45¢
high	75¢

Liquor sales are highly profitable. To squeeze the most from each bottle, Holiday Inn bartenders are enjoined from giving freebies to customers, no matter how much they spend. Another taboo: pouring liquor directly into a mixed drink without using a 14-oz. shot glass. Thus the bartender must be able to show in his receipts the equivalent of the price of 20.5 drinks for each fifth bottle of liquor sold. Most distillers offer hot cut-rate prices to get their brands into hotels and motels, but Holiday Inns goes one better: it buys bourbon and Scotch in bulk from Schenley at substantial savings and sells it under the Holiday Inns brand. Last year the company saved another bundle with volume buying by issuing a single order for 40,000 Motorola television sets. Cutting costs extends to the smallest things, like using nonwrinkle sheets to save on pressing. Instead of buying expensive rugs, Holiday Inns' chiefs save money by ordering cheaper rugs and chucking them out after three or four years. At many inns the soap bars that guests rarely use up are ground down and used in floor-cleaning liquid.

Holiday Inns has a products division that makes and markets a myriad of goods: furniture, bologna, kitchen equipment—everything that is needed to start a motel from scratch. The division even manufactures prefabricated bars. One popular item is a \$25,000 Club Escadrille bar, complete with World War I flying décor, wing emblems, portraits of Rickenbacker and Von Richthofen, and a muted sound track of planes landing and taking off. Though franchisees are free to get their equipment anywhere, most choose to avoid the bother of shopping around and buy from the parent company. Last year the products division sold \$133 million worth of goods to its own inns and those of rival motel chains; as well as to hotels. Competitors seek expert advice from the division: Billionaire D.K. Ludwig paid it a \$250,000 consulting fee for help in planning his Princess Hotel in Acapulco. "We saved him millions," boasts Wilson.

Gifts for Brides. Holiday Inns' canny management is matched by its aggressive marketing. For example, it uses its Holiday reservation system to find out which areas produce the most bookings, then directs its heaviest advertising to them. Each motel manager is expected to make at least five sales calls a week, visiting local civic and fraternal clubs to hymn the benefits of using his inn for meetings. Some managers cull

newspapers for engagement announcements, and send bracelets and other gifts to prospective brides, along with a pitch to honeymoon at Holiday Inns.

That touch of larceny that is supposed to be in everybody costs Holiday Inns a substantial amount each year in missing sheets, towels and utensils. Most inns have some defenses. For example, pictures are usually screwed tightly to the wall. At many motels, a light goes on at the front desk if a television set is unplugged. All bills are presented when they reach \$50; though most people do not have to settle until they leave, this policy gives the desk clerk a chance to demand immediate payment if the guest looks like a deadbeat.

Protecting its guests against thieves is difficult for any hostelry. Clothing and behavior are not the social indicators they once were, and security men are reluctant to move on any but the most suspicious-looking characters. Meanwhile, thieves are getting ever more sophisticated. Until it was caught, one ring, operating out of Montreal, made regular sweeps by jet, knocking over airport motels in New York, Washington, Miami or Puerto Rico—and getting home each day in time for dinner.

Permissive social values have reduced promiscuity as a problem for motel men. Often an unmarried couple will register for the same room under their own names and dare the clerk to say anything. Holiday Inns' policy is to turn down couples only when they are from the local community and known not to be married. Many motels and hotels make no effort at all to check. Loew's Corp. President Preston Tisch remembers ruefully when his teen-age son was working behind the desk of the Americana in Manhattan. Says Tisch: "He wouldn't check in one unmarried couple. They went to the Hilton and we lost \$30. I fired him."

More Than Money. For Wilson, the challenges of the motel business remain even more tempting than charred steak dripping with Tabasco sauce, and he expects to remain in the top job at Holiday Inns for many years. He also has a sense of mission and sees the role of his company as more than a great money machine. Says he: "I think we can do more for world peace through tourism and building Holiday Inns around the world than anything else. We get to know other people and they get to know us and that's good."

There is one other thing keeping Wilson from retirement. Inside the dynamic, socially committed tycoon lurks a youngster who never quite got over his love affair with land. "There's no one who loves land more than me," he admits. For that kind of man, no job in the world could offer more: a chance to chase daylight round the world, clambering over hills, slopping through rain forests, stalking through prairie grass in a never-ending hunt for the perfect motel site. Kemmons Wilson's ultimate golden egg.



WILSON WITH HIS ORIGINAL POPPER
Corn pays.

steaks, portions can be reduced if necessary. At Holiday Inns, food revenue is about 50% as much as the income from rooms, and company chiefs are working to get it higher by urging innkeepers to improve their menus and advertise their restaurants more.

Except for hot dogs and other processed meats, much of which comes from Holiday Inns' Chicago commissary, the motels buy most food locally, but according to strict specifications. T-bone steaks must be either choice or prime, weigh between 12 oz. and 16 oz., and be an inch thick. To keep the meals uniform, company manuals urge local managers to buy certain preferred brands, including Dole pineapple juice, Campbell's soups and General Mills pancake mix (under the company formula, a 5-lb. box should make 100 pancakes). All food portions are carefully measured. The manuals even give the

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Revolutionary Bacteria

One of the great triumphs of modern agriculture is the Green Revolution: the development of lush new strains of wheat, rice and other cereals that have made the difference between starvation and survival for millions of people. Yet a drawback to the new high-yield plants is that they require large quantities of expensive nitrogen-rich fertilizers that drain into ponds and lakes. There, the fertilizers cause explosive growth of algae and make the water unfit for drinking and other uses.

Now, scientists at Britain's University of Sussex have developed a genetic engineering technique that may eventually reduce the dependence on artificial fertilizers. In search of an alternative, Molecular Biologists John Postgate and R.A. Dixon turned to nitrogen-fixing bacteria found in the soil and on the roots of plants. Capable of taking nitrogen from the atmosphere, these bacteria make it available to the plants as nitrates and other nitrogen compounds. Nitrogen-fixing bacteria, however, satisfy only part of the nitrogen needs of the new plants; the rest must come from natural or artificial sources. Was there any way of increasing the nitrogen supplied by bacteria and thus lessening the amounts required from the earth?

Conjugation. An answer. Postgate and Dixon reasoned, might lie in the multitudes of ordinary soil bacteria. If these organisms could be supplied with genes that conferred the nitrogen-fixing ability, the nitrogen provided to plants could be greatly increased. That might be done by crossbreeding soil bacteria with the nitrogen-fixing variety.

It would be no easy task. Two different species of bacteria would first have to be induced to conjugate. This is a primitive form of sexual reproduction in which two bacterial cells occasionally meet and exchange genetic material prior to their more common asexual form of reproduction, called fission (in which a single cell elongates, splits and produces two genetically identical offspring).

In *Nature*, Postgate and Dixon describe their strategy to encourage conjugation. First they "fertilized" nitrogen-fixing bacteria with a DNA "sex factor" from the common intestinal bacteria *Escherichia coli*, a non-nitrogen-fixing species. Then they mixed the nitrogen-fixers (now compatible with *E. coli*) with a strain of *E. coli* that has a particularly useful characteristic: unlike most bacteria, it can incorporate genetic material from another species. Out of the laboratory-induced union came a small but significant number of hybrid offspring with nitrogen-fixing ability. What is more, some of these crossbreeds could pass on the crucial nitrogen-fixing genes to future

generations through ordinary fission.

The British experiment could have far-reaching implications. If a similar feat of genetic engineering can now be used on ordinary soil bacteria, high-yield grains will gain an important new source of nitrogen, thereby greatly diminishing the need for fertilizers.

Down to Earth

Few groups of men have been more carefully picked or enjoyed more widespread admiration than America's astronauts. Before man's first landing on the moon in 1969, the corps totaled more than 50 men. Most of them were extremely skilled jet pilots and had distinguished military records, as well as extensive engineering and scientific training. Now, like the space program itself, this elite cadre is rapidly being reduced in size. By 1974, NASA expects to have no more than 14 astronauts on active flight duty.

The attrition in the ranks of America's spacemen is already becoming apparent. Apollo 12 Astronaut Dick Gordon recently quit to become executive vice president of pro football's New Orleans Saints, and Apollo 7 Astronaut Donn Eisele traded his NASA desk job for the directorship of the Peace Corps in Thailand. In August, Ed Mitchell, who staged an ESP experiment aboard Apollo 14, will leave the space program to pursue his intense interest in psychic phenomena. Apollo 15 Astronaut Jim Irwin, a Baptist lay preacher, will also retire. "To spend more time spreading the good news of Jesus Christ."

More resignations are in the offing. Under NASA's austerity program, the

only manned spaceflights still on schedule are Apollo 17 in December, three Skylab missions, and the orbital link-up with the Russians in 1975. Deke Slayton, chief of flight-crew operations who was recently returned to flight status after a long battle with a heart irregularity, bluntly sums up the situation: "We have had a surplus [of astronauts] for the past three or four years. The writing is on the wall."

Most of the astronauts who have already resigned have found financially rewarding careers. John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth, made an unsuccessful bid for a Senate seat, and is now part owner of several Ohio motels. Mercury Astronaut Scott Carpenter is head of an oceanographic company, while Apollo 8's Frank Borman is a vice president of Eastern Airlines. Mercury and Gemini Astronaut Gordon Cooper has set himself up as a management consultant. Wally Schirra, of Mercury, Gemini and Apollo, when not acting as Walter Cronkite's sidekick during CBS's coverage of moon shots, runs an environmental research firm. Restless as NASA's deputy associate administrator for aeronautics, Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon, quit last October and became an engineering professor at the University of Cincinnati.

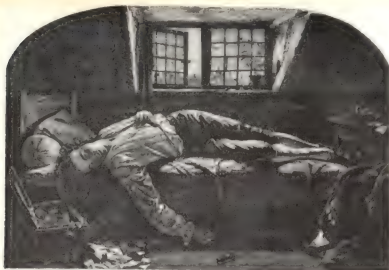
Perhaps the most jarring postflight experience befell Armstrong's fellow moon walker, Buzz Aldrin. Unprepared for the hectic demands on his life (ticker-tape parades, speeches, world tours), Aldrin was on the way to "a good, old-fashioned American nervous breakdown," turned to psychiatric treatment, and resigned from NASA. Now writing his autobiography, to be called *Return to Earth*, he talks candidly about his illness. He has also become an ingratiating salesman on TV commercials.



ARMSTRONG AT CINCINNATI CAMPUS
Writing on the wall for a glut of spacemen.



BORMAN WITH EASTERN JET



19TH CENTURY PAINTING OF CHATTERTON ILLUSTRATING ROMANTIC VIEW OF SUICIDE

BOOKS

The Taste of Hemlock

IN A DARKNESS by JAMES A. WECHSLER
160 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

THE SAVAGE GOD by A. ALVAREZ
299 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

SUICIDE by JACQUES CHORON
182 pages. Scribners. \$7.95.

UNDERSTANDING AND COUNSELING THE SUICIDAL PERSON by PAUL W. PRETZEL
251 pages. Abingdon Press. \$7.95.

In the past 15 years, something called suicidology has flourished in the U.S. as never before. Many good studies and much bad prose have resulted. Since 1957, for instance, more than 1,200 books on suicide have appeared. Most of them are technical, widely unread, prepared by (and for) sociologists, psychologists and suicidologists working in the 300 suicide-prevention centers now operating round the country. This spring, however, along with a flow of popular articles and television shows on self-destruction, a number of books have been published, all more or less aimed at the general public. Suicide, in fact, seems about to join teen-age drug-gery and air pollution as one of the glum preoccupations of the decade.

This sort of attention, it may be argued, is perfectly healthy. Suicide, after all, used to be punished by driving a stake through the heart of the victim (*ex post facto*). It is still to some extent a shame-shrouded topic. And if the 20th century has taken anything on faith it is the belief that talking about how sick you are is a step toward recovery.

Yet one is hard put to read these four very different books without some misgivings. For if the root reasons for suicide remain murky, among the likely contributory causes is the power of

personal example, as well as what might be called sheer morbid faddishness. The more people hear suicide discussed as an honorable solution to the pangs of living, the more people—given other stresses—are likely to try it. It is statistically true that if anyone in a child's close-knit world commits suicide, the child's chances of eventually doing the same thing increase by as much as 75%.

Beside such rude behavioral correlations, rarefied debate about whether suicide is justified or not, as well as neo-Stoical huffing about the inalienable right of alienated man to do himself in, seems frivolous. As these books show, suicidology at first seems an almost abstract subject full of piquant and possibly significant details. Dentists, we learn, lead all professions in killing themselves—followed closely by psychiatrists. Women try suicide three times as often as men but fail much more often. April and May, not the dead of winter, are the cruellest months; Hungary, not Sweden, has the world's highest national rate (29.8 per 100,000 people per year); divorced men are among the worst suicide risks. The accumulation of suicide theory and statistics, though, does little finally to illuminate what British Poet-Critic A. Alvarez refers to as the "shabby, confused, agonized crisis which is the common reality of suicide." And that reality does not seem an appropriate subject either for cocktail-party chatter or for purely literary exploitation. It is more like cancer, a mysterious plague that cries out not for philosophy but for a palliative.

Those who think otherwise might start by reading *In a Darkness*. James Wechsler is a columnist and one of the top editors of the New York *Post*. His book is a personal memoir about his son Michael, who killed himself at age

26 after years of sporadically crippling melancholy officially diagnosed as schizophrenia. Wechsler is remarkably persuasive in his main purpose, which is to report—partly as a warning to others who may go that way themselves—the hopeless wanderings he and his wife and Michael took in the deserts of Freudian analysis before the end came.

Gobbled Pills. A succession of psychiatrists (clinically designated as Dr. First, Dr. Second, and so on, through Dr. Eighth) disagreed about treatment—alternately consigning Michael to incarceration or declaring him on the mend. Their consistent effect was to make scapegoats of the parents, cutting them away from the boy so they could neither help nor comfort him. The book's title, *In a Darkness*, remains an accurate description both of those who eventually kill themselves and of those around them who love them yet fail to help.

By contrast, A. Alvarez's book holds promise of cutting closer to the bone. Creative writers who attempt or contemplate suicide, Alvarez suggests, are likely to bear more eloquent witness than mere unlettered melancholics. Accordingly *The Savage God* begins and ends with an intimate look at two suicides, one successful (if that is the word), one not. The first is the death of Sylvia Plath in the winter of 1962. Alvarez, then as now poetry editor of the London *Observer*, was a friend of the lady's during her final months, and he describes, in confessional though sometimes disingenuous detail, meetings, at which she showed him some of her last poems. The second case is Alvarez's own suicide attempt, which he rather coyly refrains from mentioning until the final chapter of the book. Two years before Plath, he tried to do away with himself by gobbling (his verb) 45 sleeping pills.

Today nearly everyone is willing to admit that some people are better off dead. But Sylvia Plath was a better



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BOOKS

than pretty, more than brilliant young woman with two children whom she loved, and an extraordinary talent. Alvarez makes skillful use of her story, not merely to launch his book with a charge of emotion but to explore a basic Freudian concept of suicide as aggression against others—in Plath's case her dead father—turned against oneself.

Alvarez's closing account of his own suicide attempt serves little purpose, beyond proving that he, too, is a member of the club. He recalls how his parents used to talk of putting their heads in the oven and adds that for years he went around repeating "I wish I were dead" to himself. But why? And how did he feel as the final, slow, nightmarish slide toward darkness took hold of him in his 31st year? Did he do anything so prosaic as hide the pills in those spare moments of common sense when he wondered, as he must have wondered, what effect his death would have on his small child? For all we learn, Alvarez might just as well be a tongue-tied stockbroker. The only flash of revelation comes after his recovery. He speaks of the source of his earlier despair as a prolonged adolescent expectation of life. Afterward he realized that he was simply and undramatically unhappy: "I had accepted that there weren't ever going to be any answers, even in death."

Coals to Newcastle. Daniel Defoe was once put in the stocks in 18th-century London for writing a treatise against the political power of the church. He promptly penned a poem about the experience and had it hawked in the very street where he was taking his punishment. A similar entrepreneurial taint clouds Alvarez's effort. He makes a fine brisk guide to changing historic attitudes toward suicide: Roman Stoics practiced it gladly; romantic poets preached it madly; the early Christians pursued *de facto* suicide by avidly seeking martyrdom, until in A.D. 412 Saint Augustine declared the act a mortal sin. Alvarez also offers a fascinating chronicle of literary figures who espoused, contemplated or tried suicide—Montaigne, John Donne, Cowper, Thomas Chatterton, Dostoevsky, and so on up to Hart Crane and Ernest Hemingway. It is only toward the end that one realizes Alvarez is thesis pushing, that the book is as much apologia as inquiry. His questionable message: the 20th century is the age of death. But Alvarez argues, because mankind is only numbly aware of this, the risky purpose of the creative writer must now be to force his audience "to recognize and accept imaginatively . . . not the facts of life but the facts of death and violence: absurd, random, gratuitous, unjustified." This mission may be regarded as carrying coals to Newcastle. Alvarez, however, clearly feels quietly (and personally) Promethean about it all.

After Alvarez it is almost a pleasure to turn to something as thematically underwrought as German-trained Philosopher Jacques Choron's dry sur-

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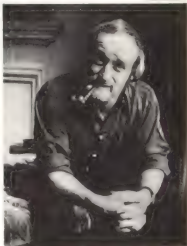


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BOOKS

vey course in suicidology. Whether or
not this is the age of death, Choron
points out, the U.S. suicide rate has
not increased for more than 20 years.
(Since World War II it has hovered
near eleven per 100,000 population
each year.) Though suicide is listed as
the tenth largest killer in the U.S., even
that fact is misleading since it accounts
for only 1% of all yearly deaths. Cho-
ron spent years working in suicide-pre-
vention centers. Like Suicide Counselor
Paul Pretzel, he takes some pride in
the fact that the suicide rate has lately
been reduced in the highest category
—people from 60 to 65. (Hope, says
the proverb, has a good breakfast
but a poor supper.) Just the same, Cho-
ron feels that suicide should be made
easier in a few cases, most notably as

JILL BREWSTER



POET-CRITIC ALVAREZ
A member of the club.

a sort of self-inflicted euthanasia for
the hopelessly sick or incapacitated.

The assigning of absolute internal
or external causes for suicide—from
sheer loneliness to Freud's famous
death wish—founders on the mysterious
(and miraculous) fact that under sim-
ilar stresses some people kill themselves
and some do not. Counselors like Pre-
tzel naturally worry less about absolutes
and man's right to die than they do
about the necessary conspiracy of the
living to help one another carry on. An
estimated 90% of attempted suicides
who are saved by prevention centers are
pitifully grateful afterward.

How to Do It. Pretzel also reports
that only 15% of the 9,000 calls that
each year come into the Los Angeles
Suicide Prevention Center (one of the
nation's oldest) are rated high risk. The
judgment depends on a number of
things, among them age, economic and
marital status. Not surprisingly, the sin-
gle are more likely to go through with
it than the married, the childless more
likely than those with children. Also im-
portant for friends and counselors, says
Pretzel, is a quick estimate of how
strong the caller's death wish is. A rough

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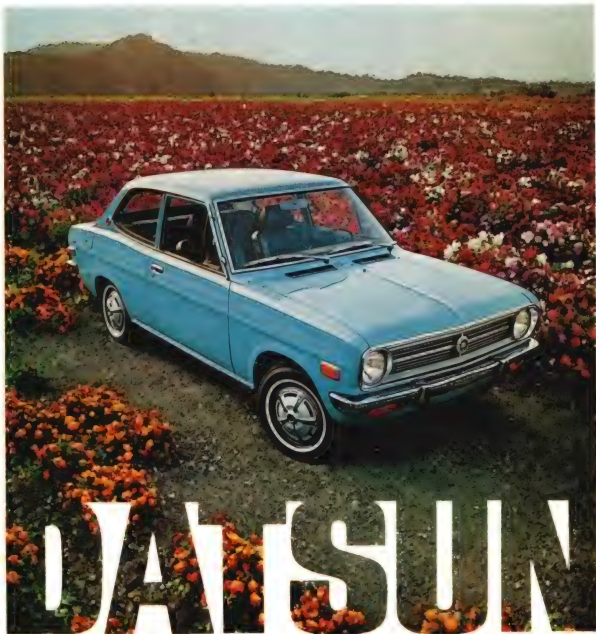
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has all-vinyl upholstery, bucket seats, nylon carpeting. It has safety front disc brakes and an engine that turns 0-60 in less than 15 seconds. Sure, it's an economy car. But only you will know.

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DATSUM

FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

BOOKS

measure is how specific a means he has chosen, how deadly it is, and how easy to get hold of. Out of squeamishness, out of refusal to believe the threat, out of plain fear that it might touch things off, few people will ask a threatened suicide one key question that must be asked: "How do you plan to kill yourself?" If he has not yet made up his mind exactly how, says Pretzel, the immediate risk is small.

One shift in the suicidal pattern that only Choron considers is the recent rise of such deaths among teen-agers. Drugs and cultural dislocation seem handy enough explanations. But the fact stirs the question of how in youth, the heart first acquires a residual trust in life strong enough to carry it through later hardship.

As a 19th century man glumly opening the door on the 20th, Freud once wrote: "The moment one inquires about the sense or value of life, one is sick." True enough. But especially in the 20th century, how is man to ignore the pain and wisdom symbolically acquired by all that foolishness in the Garden of Eden? Sociologists and psychologists tend to assume that fewer people who belong to an organized religion kill themselves, not because they possess a spiritual strength but simply because they belong to a community, which helps allay loneliness. The view is probably wrong. As formal religions have declined, the compulsive human need to believe that life has meaning has created replacement religions, none of them, so far, more than marginally adequate. In Marxism, the hope of heaven is replaced by an imagined time when the state shall wither away. Existentialism is nothing less than the bare assertion that the meaninglessness of life is what gives it meaning, and in fact makes life worth living. That is what Camus meant in *The Myth of Sisyphus* when he wrote, "There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide." Camus decided to live, in the teeth of what he took to be cosmic absurdity. Weaker men often do not. Their collective suicides are cries for an escape from the self that does not lead to darkness.

• Timothy Foote

Notable

THE MALCONTENTS by C.P. SNOW
277 pages. Scribners, \$6.95.

The man who fostered the notion of the Two Cultures has now encountered a third: the youth culture. Encountered, though, is not quite the word. On the evidence of *The Malcontents*, C.P. Snow seems to have heard about youth from a distance and caught only a faint echo. Bomb throwers? Draft dodgers? Snow's radical cell of students is exercised about a racist slumlord who happens to be an influential Tory M.P.; they are plotting to subject him to what, for the English, still seems to be the worst of fates: public exposure.

Droputers? Cultural aliens? One of

The thrill of discovery

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MEXLETTER

BOOKS

Snow's revolutionaries shows his contempt for middle-class values by not upbraiding the saucy servants in his parents' home, where he still lives quite comfortably. Snow hints that his young people constitute an experimental new model of human nature, expressing "not only the future of desire, but the future of fate." On closer examination, however, they turn out to be merely incipient Snow men, i.e., earnest, solemn, long-winded committee members. Once more, then, Snow's plot hinges on the rather academic question: Who casts a deciding vote? The answer comes with a dash of LSD and a mysterious death by defenestration. But it is delivered in a style that is not so much prose as prosaic. At the end, Snow's hero decides to get married and bore from within society. With typical felicity, he concludes: "Some feelings were simpler, compulsorily simpler, than until inside them one would ever think." Heavy, man.

■ Christopher Porterfield

RED FOX by CHARLES G.D. ROBERTS
187 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95.

Even when they are not despoiling the vines or eating holes in Spartan bores there is much to be said about foxes. Foxes are smart. Foxes are vulpine. Foxes have pointy noses and an air of unassailable sagacity. There are three great books about foxes. Probably the best known is Beatrix Potter's *Tale of Mister Tod*, in which the protagonist proves to be fastidious but cowardly. A second, now unhappily out of print, is Alexander Sturm's *The Problem Fox*, a sly cartoon biography of a precocious animal named August who solves food mazes and learns to spell his name. Canadian Writer-Poet-Naturalist Sir Charles G.D. Roberts' *Red Fox*, written in 1905 and often reprinted, is the third.

It is a *Bildungsroman* about a fox in the backwoods of New Brunswick. Roberts is lightly anthropomorphic. But his extraordinary knowledge, affection and descriptive powers irresistibly transform any sympathetic reader over nine into a fox, then turn him loose in the woods to foil dogs, fight with black snakes, chase partridges caught under a crusted snow and escape a forest fire. As a gentleman of the old school, Sir Charles is properly discreet about vixens, but *Red Fox* does raise a family of more or less ungrateful pups. ■ T.F.

RUNNING SCARRED by TEX MAULE
215 pages. Saturday Review Press.
\$6.95.

This is a genial, laconic account of the road back from disaster. Six years ago, when he was 51, Tex Maule, a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED editor, had a massive heart attack. He almost died

then and there, mainly because he stumbled out of bed rather than accept a bedpan and crashed into his own oxygen supply.

Two months later he was a quaking semi-invalid on a baffling quest for lost health. A rejuvenation clinic in Switzerland relieved him of \$3,000 in return for implanting "unborn lamb cells," which only gave him a rash on his bottom. He went back to work, gave up cigarettes and gained 45 lbs. Finally he decided to take up running, and he credits it for his current health and vitality. He has jogged through Mexico City's zoo and over London's bridges, been bitten by dogs and insulted by children ("Hey, looka da ol' geezer"). He even ran in the Boston Marathon, slightly ahead of the motorcycle cops who slowly follow the field.

Though the book may be read as a guide for the late-blooming runner, it is far more entertaining as testimony to the gray area between sickness and health, which many people inhabit but few write about. Angina, sciatica, gout and rebellious gall bladders all figure in these pages. So does booze—"several drinks at lunch and several more before dinner," which Maule coolly refuses to cut. Then there are the various doctors who were of dubious aid. Most said running would finish him off; one admitted he hadn't the faintest idea what the effect of such exercise would be. Even the publisher was wary, withholding part of the advance until publication date, in case Maule did not live that long. He collected. ■ Martha Duffy



RED FOX

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Word, Wallace (1 last week)
- 2—Captains and the Kings, Caldwell (2)
- 3—The Winds of War, Wouk (4)
- 4—My Name Is Asher Lev, Potok (3)
- 5—The Exorcist, Blatty (15)
- 6—The Terminal Man, Crichton (8)
- 7—11 Harrowhouse, Browne (7)
- 8—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Higgins (10)
- 9—The Blue Knight, Wambaugh (6)
- 10—The Assassins, Kazan (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Boys of Summer, Kahn (1)
- 2—The Game of the Foxes, Farago (3)
- 3—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (5)
- 4—A World Beyond, Montgomerie (2)
- 5—Open Marriage, Neno and George O'Neill (8)
- 6—The Washington Pay-Off, Winter-Berger (4)
- 7—Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (10)
- 8—The Savage God, Alvarez
- 9—The Truth About Weight Control, Dr. Neil Solomon with Sally Sheppard (6)
- 10—Report from Engine Co. 82, Smith (7)

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(And yourself, too)



Father's Day is June 18.
A good day to
spoil someone
you like.

Pinch 12 year old Scotch
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About \$10





John Wayne at 30,000 feet is nothing like the Saturday matinee.

And the 747 is nothing like anything else in the sky either.

It's a family plane.

To be enjoyed by kids who hate to travel and parents who lose their patience over backseat squabbles.

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Make this vacation a real vacation. On a 747. Your favorite airline has special travel packages. All are rated GP.

BOEING 747



Getting people together.

Take the family to the movies.

Cultures past and present are woven together at a luau/leia.



American spoken here. Also Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese, Hawaiian, Tagalog, Korean, Samoan and Pidgin.

While you're in Hawaii, see the Orient. And Micronesia. And Europe. They're all here. And all-American.

It's almost like taking an international tour on six islands. Except that most of the people you'll meet speak your language. Or something close to it.

That can come in handy. You can order a Portuguese breakfast or an Indonesian banquet without consulting a dictionary. And pay your check without a computer.

Our mixed-up Hawaiian heritage presents some odd little surprises. Go to a ball

game and you can order a hot dog—or a steaming bowl of fish soup. There are big surprises too. Things you might not expect to find in an island paradise.

You can first-night at a performance of Tosca in one of the world's most acoustically perfect theaters. Or groove to a rock concert in the sweet air. There's a great cultural center where you can explore Polynesia's multi-colored past. And a magnificent aquatic museum where her future is on display.

There's a city of refuge where ancient warriors once sought sanctuary from the wrath of their gods and their fellow men. (And where you can do the same today, if that's the kind of year it's been.)

In Hawaii you'll find out what it's like to speak in a different language, worship in a different church, even live in a different colored skin.

The airlines and steamship companies have done everything but bring Hawaii to your doorstep. There are hotels in all price ranges and tours for every taste.

So before you go anywhere in this world, talk to your travel agent. He'll tell you it's all happening in Hawaii.

Hawaii

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On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu

Bravura in the Coop

In his bachelor pad in Germany, pianist Michael Ponti sometimes practices for ten hours at a stretch. In Frankfurt, an upstairs neighbor registered disapproval of the noise by dropping bowling balls on the floor, and finally sought other quarters. In Wiesbaden, the ten chickens who lived in an oversized coop behind the house suffered in silence until one day they simply quit laying eggs. Ponti then had all ten killed and ate them, after which he moved his piano into the coop. "It's a fine studio," says Ponti, "and the acoustics are simply marvelous."

Neither the neighbor nor the chickens were very good critics. For Ponti, at 34, is one of the most striking—if somewhat controversial—keyboard talents to appear on the concert stage in years. With a flair for the old-fashioned bravura style and a staggering technique to put it across, he is a one-man tidal wave of sound. His hands can hammer out octaves with machine-gun speed and force. He can pounce on flawless trills from a three-foot distance. He can zip off glissandi in octaves and double notes that would tear the fingernails of many pianists. Occasionally, when he decides to program a piece that demands it, he can even play sweetly and with charm.

Last week Ponti began a recital at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall with a Beethoven sonata at 7:50 p.m. By 8:20 he had flung himself into one of the fiercest challenges in the entire piano literature: both books of Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Paganini*. He con-

tinued with Chopin's powerful *Sonata in B Minor*, another sonata by Scriabin, a wrist-cracking *Etude for the Left Hand* by Blumenfeld, and finally Stravinsky's *Three Scenes from Petrouchka*, a piece that bristles with so many notes that much of it is written on three and even four lines instead of the usual two. He wrapped up the evening with two encores.

Chinese Menu. It was a far less gaudy finale than Ponti had provided for his New York debut in March. Then the audience had been given a written list of the pianist's repertory of 48 flamboyant encores and invited to select their favorites, Chinese menu-style: one from Group A, two from Group B, and so on.

By 11:00 that evening, the first exhausted listeners were trickling dazedly out of the hall, but Ponti was still up there flailing away. He finally finished nine of his 48 pieces at 11:20 p.m., 20 minutes after the theater crew had gone into expensive overtime.

Such pyrotechnics—and endurance—developed slowly. Born in Germany, the son of a German mother and an American father, Ponti was brought to America in 1939 when he was 14 years old. His father went to work as a consular official for the State Department, his mother taught German at the University of Maryland, and Michael thumped away at the piano.

By age eleven, he had memorized all 48 preludes and fugues of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* and had played them in public. "I even had two flings at New York," he recalls: "Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* and the big Chopin competition of the Kosciuszko Foundation. I didn't play very well that day. They told me I had no technique and no promise and to go home."

Instead, Ponti went to Germany and enrolled at the Frankfurt Conservatory. There he began his penchant for marathon practicing—but only of actual compositions. "I never did exercises and scales in my life," he says. "I'm not even a particularly good sight reader. There's no secret to my technique: I just work hard and play the literature."

In 1968, after having earned a solid reputation as a recitalist in European cities, Ponti broke into recording in a characteristically lavish way. Vox Records wanted to record what seemed like the whole of the romantic piano literature and asked Ponti to be the performer. Since then he has made 25 LPs, including the complete piano music of Tchaikovsky, and is now working on Scriabin and Rachmaninoff. Largely as a result of this extensive background, he now has enough solo pieces in his head to turn out a six-hour nonstop recital. In addition, he can play any of 50 concertos at the drop of a hat. Or a bowling ball.



CREASE ON PARADE IN GERMANY

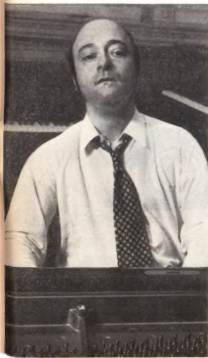
Piping Hot

Rules for creating a hit record in the pop field: find a snappy melody for the Now Generation. Add socially aware lyrics. Dress the song up in a razzle-dazzle instrumental sound. To make the Top 40 charts nowadays, a producer must follow all of these prescriptions—or none. To wit: RCA's new release of *Amazing Grace*. It is a most un-snappy, 200-year-old American hymn tune, performed on that ancient instrument, the bagpipe. It is also No. 19 on the Billboard Hot 100 chart this week and has sold 1,200,000 copies throughout the world in the past eight weeks, more than 300,000 of them in the U.S.

All that happened because two British army regiments—the 3rd Carabiniers and The Royal Scots Greys—decided to merge early in 1971 and form The Royal Scots Dragon Guards. To honor the new armored infantry regiment, now stationed in West Germany, RCA's European division released an LP by the guards' 48-member bagpipe band. A few months ago, a late-night disk jockey in London took a fancy to one of the tracks on the album, *Amazing Grace*, and began promoting it. As performed first by the soloist, Pipe Major Tony Crease, then by the full band, the song is as unabashedly emotional as the sound of the pipers accompanying Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. on their march to the rescue in *Gunga Din*.

In the U.S., *Amazing Grace* seems part of a minitrend toward the archaic on the charts. Cat Stevens' *Morning Has Broken* (No. 8) is an old English school hymn. Todd Rundgren's *I Saw the Light* (No. 16) is a traditional and familiar gospel song. For the ultimate reach into the past, ex-Beatle Paul McCartney's next hit may be the recording he has just made of *Mary Had a Little Lamb*.

PONTI PRACTICING IN LONDON



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Vega gives you more engine than most little cars: A 140-cubic-

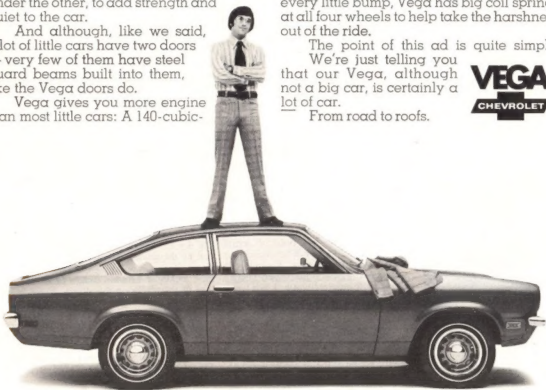
inch overhead cam four that can handle turnpike speeds quite comfortably without a lot of straining.

And where some little cars let you feel every little bump, Vega has big coil springs at all four wheels to help take the harshness out of the ride.

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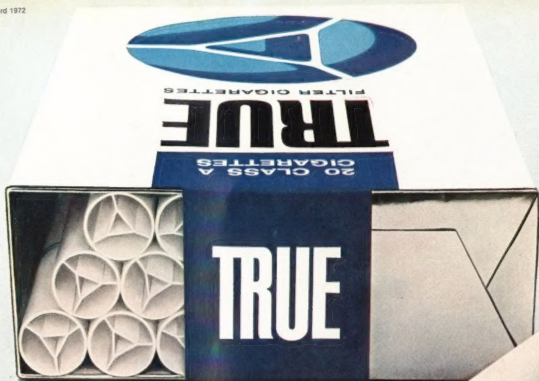
We're just telling you that our Vega, although not a big car, is certainly a lot of car.

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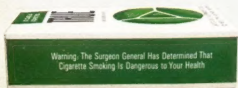
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